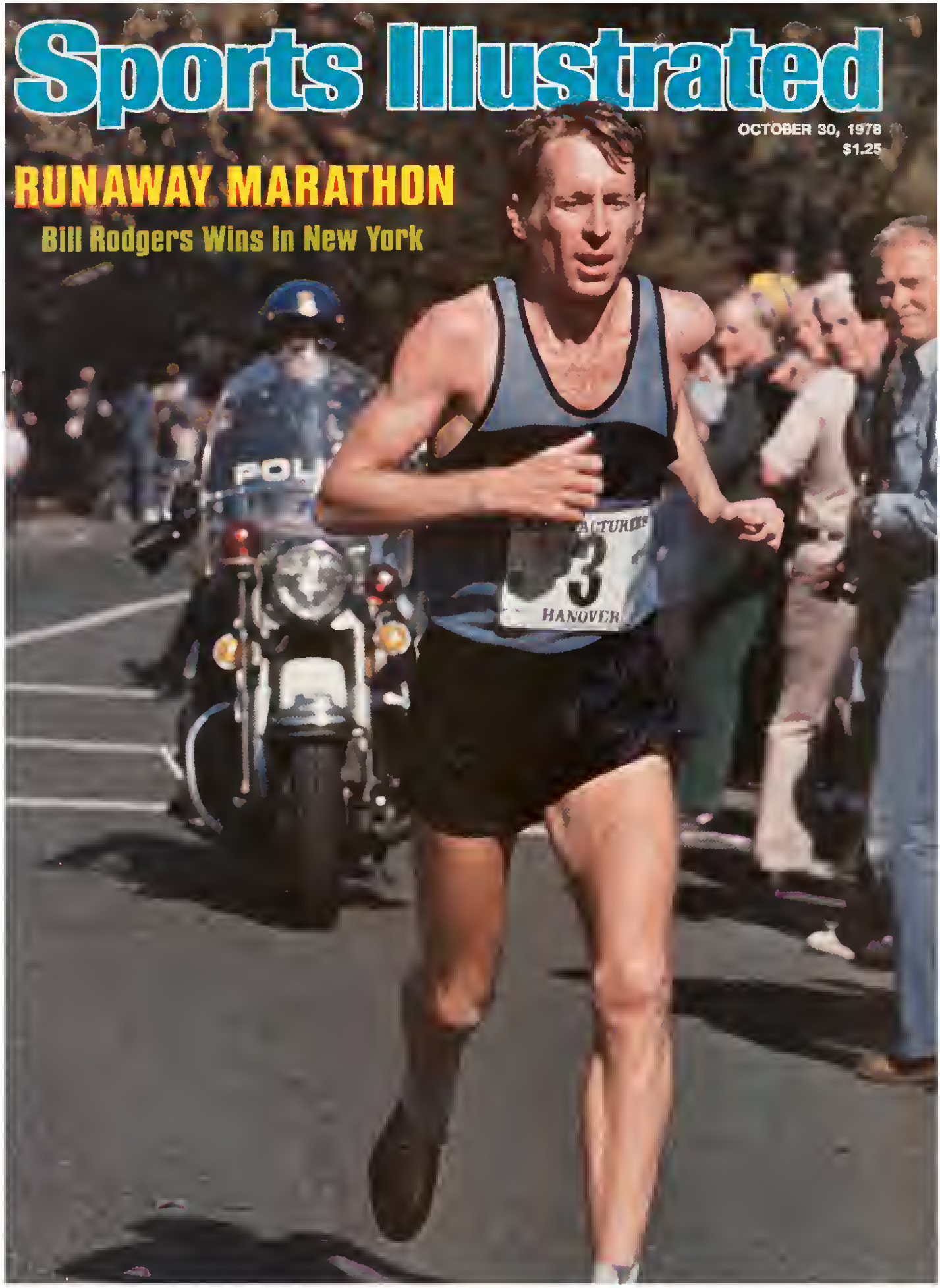
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RUNAWAY MARATHON

Bill Rodgers Wins In New York



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THE DOOR IS WIDE OPEN, says the WBC world heavyweight champ, and contenders may now step up to fight the baddest dude of them all. Pat Putnam chronicles the life and hard times of Larry Holmes as he prepares for the first defense of his title.

WHAT A RUN OF RUNNERS USC is working on. Right now it's Charles White, but the line goes back through Ricky Bell, Anthony Davis, Sam Cunningham, Clarence Davis, O. J. Simpson and Mike Garrett. John Underwood traces a Trojan tradition.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A FOOTBALL NOVEL THAT IS STRONG ON THE FIELD BUT WEAK ON THE SIDELINES

Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on one's point of view, the excerpt from Peter Gent's new novel that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published recently turns out to be the best part of the book. That section has to do with the Dallas training camp and the coming of "the Turk," the dreaded executioner who sends pro football players packing; the section is funny, touching and true to life.

That's not surprising, since Gent himself is a former football player—he played several seasons for the Dallas Cowboys and did quite well for himself. After he quit, he turned novelist and produced *North Dallas Forty*, a book that made him considerably more famous than football ever did and got him some good reviews into the bargain. Small wonder, for the novel is quite effective notwithstanding some rough edges; it is gritty and unsentimental, and parts of it are hilarious.

The new novel is called *Texas Celebrity Turkey Trot* (Morrow, $9.95) and for the first 90 pages it is just fine. Those are the pages set in the Dallas camp, as described by the narrator, 30-year-old Defensive Back Mabry Jenkins. Gent knows his football well, need it be said, and as long as he makes the game his terrain he is on firm footing.

But then Mabry gets cut, and Gent doesn't seem to know quite where to go. It's clear what he has in mind: to describe the agony of a man-child forced "to come to terms with total failure at 30." Certainly that is a legitimate subject for a novel about football or any other sport: the over-the-hill athlete's eternal question—what do I do with the rest of my life?—is a very real and very painful problem.

But Gent takes Mabry through a series of episodes that don't hang together and don't add up to a coherent whole. He hires on with a rich Texan, first as an early-morning country-music disc jockey and then as a roving small-time "celebrity" who is paid to show up at events such as the "Midland/Odessa Battle of the Celebrity Sexes Golf Tournament." But he isn't any good at any of it; all he can do is play football, and getting back into the game remains his obsession.

Gent writes some funny lines, and he does take several sharp digs at the "celebrity" business. He plays a variation on Nora Ephron's theme that "The celebrity pool has expanded in order to provide names to fill the increasing number of column inches currently devoted to gossip," but a few sharp digs and one good football section only add up to about half a novel. END

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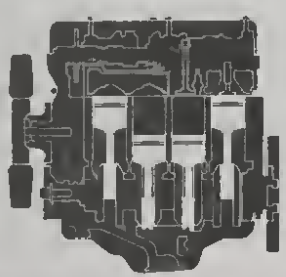


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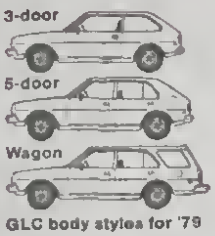
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Footloose

by ROBERT W. PETERSON

FOR 91 YEARS THE FOXBURG COUNTRY CLUB HAS BEEN A GEM IN THE ROUGH

Tucked away in the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania is a tidy little golf course billed as the oldest in continuous use in the United States. It's the Country Club at Foxburg (pop. 250 and declining), about 60 miles north of Pittsburgh as the Dunlop 65 flies.

Play began at Foxburg in the summer of 1887, according to affidavits from half a dozen men, long since gone to the golfer's final reward, who swore in 1947 that they were there. Notwithstanding competing claims by St Andrews of Yonkers, N Y, and several other old clubs, in 1971 the U.S. House of Representatives (with the Senate concurring) adopted a resolution that formally recognized the Foxburg Country Club as the oldest

Golf's early arrival in Foxburg was an accident of geography. The town was the site of the summer estate of Joseph Mickle Fox, scion of a land- and oil-rich Philadelphia family. In 1884 Fox went to Great Britain for a series of cricket matches and tried his hand at golf at the Old Course in St. Andrews in Scotland. He enjoyed the game and upon returning home, he had an eight-hole course laid out on the lawn and meadows of his estate and invited well-connected villagers to play. The game became quite popular, and within a couple of years a more spacious layout was needed. Fox, whose domain included most of the land around the town, generously provided 50 acres rent free.

Naturally, Fox became the first president when the Foxburg Country Club was organized in June 1887. The course is now owned by a corporation of the club's 225 members, but the public is welcome from mid-April well into October.

Local legend has it that Fox tried to pattern the course after the Old Course. If so, he was signally unsuccessful. "He may have tried to have the same kind of holes," says Foxburg course superintendent Robert Klingensmith. "The bunkers are reminiscent of that kind of construction But as a whole it isn't much like the Old Course."

For the weekend golfer, the nine-hole layout is well worth the four-mile detour off Interstate 80 at St Petersburg Exit 6. At only 2,576 yards, the Foxburg course would not oblige Jack Nicklaus or Tom Watson to break a sweat, but it does challenge the duffer. Two holes are guarded by bunkers, the No. 3 by a pair of monsters directly in front of the green.

Foxburg is built on a gently sloping hillside, so play runs uphill and downhill most of the way. The fairways and greens are im-

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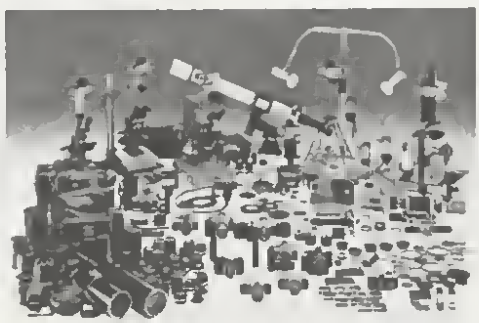
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maculately groomed, and small groves of oak, along with a scattering of sycamores, maples, dogwood, sumac and nut trees, dot the course. An abandoned spur line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad curves in front of the 5th and 7th greens as well as the 6th and 8th tees. Until only a decade ago, freight trains crept through the grounds, presenting an extra hazard, both to shot-making and to safety. Once a hard-of-hearing golfer, deeply intent on her game, was gently nudged aside by a locomotive's cowcatcher.

At each tee there is a venerable tee box—a 3½-by-1½-foot stone container with compartments designed to hold water and sand, a leftover from the days when golfers shaped their tees from damp sand. Having outlived their usefulness but not their charm, the tee boxes are now planted with petunias, marigolds and anemones.

Although a few of the holes have been renumbered since 1887, the first five look much as they did when Foxburg opened. The last four holes were added the following year. In the earliest days, quart tomato cans were used for holes. The greens were sand, and after holing out a golfer was required to brush the sand smooth with a burlap bag nailed to a long pole. The first groundkeeper was a villager named John Dunkle, who earned $15 a year for scything the fairways.

Foxburg's clubhouse is a picturesque log house, one of seven lining the drive into the grounds. Behind it, over a heavily wooded declivity, is a spectacular view of the Allegheny River 300 feet below. Prompted no doubt by imperiled fishermen, the club's poet laureate has posted the following notice at the most inviting spot. "The urge is great to hit the ball,/To see it fly./To watch it fall./Cease and desist this childish whim;/Just dream about what might have been./*Do not hit balls across the river*."

The second floor of the clubhouse is the temporary home of the American Golf Hall of Fame Museum and Library. (A more celebrated museum is at Golf House in Far Hills, N.J.) Valuable golfing memorabilia, including clubs and balls from the 17th and 18th centuries, are on display, as well as six generations of McEwan clubs, starting with James in 1770 and ending with Peter in 1930. There are also name plaques honoring the 51 players inducted so far into the Hall of Fame, and for the less serious-minded there is Joe Kirkwood's 21-club collection. The permanent site for the Hall is now just a steel skeleton in a weedy field at the edge of town. Last July construction was delayed because of a lack of funding. Next summer, if funds are forthcoming, the building will be finished, and the new Hall of Fame Museum and Library will be open for visitors.

St. Andrews it's not. But for its historical associations and pleasant aspect, the Foxburg Country Club is a small treasure in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. **END**



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Hathaway created their original Bengal Stripe in the early 1920's. But we think the time has come for a tiny tampering with tradition.

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The shirt is available in stripes of Bengal blue, burgundy or brown. The front placket and chest pocket are so carefully matched they practically dissolve into the pattern.

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BE CHOOSEY

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A CERTAIN INEVITABILITY

On July 17 the New York Yankees' Reggie Jackson bunted against Manager Billy Martin's orders in a 9–7, 11-inning loss to the Kansas City Royals. That defiant act touched off a tumultuous week during which Jackson was suspended and Martin ousted—and during which the Yankees fell 14 games out of first place. Also on July 17, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, fearful of a Montreal-style financial bath, announced that his city was withdrawing its bid to host the 1984 Olympics. July 17 was a black-letter day for sports fans in the nation's first and third cities.

Last week both the Yankees and Los Angeles completed stunning comebacks. While the Yankees were celebrating their World Series victory (over a team from Los Angeles), Bradley was formally agreeing to host the '84 Games (a prize that New York had vainly sought) at a contract-signing ceremony in the White House with Lord Killanin, the International Olympic Committee president. Hard-fought though they were, both turnarounds, once achieved had a certain air of inevitability about them. For the Yankees, it was, ho-hum, their 22nd World Series triumph. And the City of Angels had finally consented to stage the Games only after receiving a pledge of unspecified financial assistance from President Carter, the sort of federal rescue mission that seems essential these days to such ambitious undertakings. Although Bradley promised a "spartan" Olympics, he also said he expected the amount of federal assistance to be "substantial."

SEE AND SKI

It is too early to call him the Sporting Pope, but John Paul II does have an athletic background. For one thing, he has been an avid skier. According to a story making the rounds last week (and there were enough of those, certainly), as a cardinal the future pope once accidentally crossed the Czechoslovak border while skiing in Poland's Tatra Mountains and was held by guards until church authorities confirmed his identity.

Another story has Cardinal Wojtyla slyly asking a group of listeners, "What is the difference between the Italian cardinals and the Polish cardinals?" Met with silence, he said, "Half of the Polish cardinals can ski." At the time, there were two Polish cardinals.

And it pleased sports fans that John Paul II's inauguration was held at 10 a.m. Sunday instead of the traditional late-afternoon hour, when it would have conflicted with Italian soccer and NFL games. Reports to the contrary, though, this was not the reason for the early start. The Vatican merely wanted to avoid afternoon lighting problems and to enable cardinals to head for home by nightfall.

BOTTOMS UP

Winless Northwestern University has already clinched its seventh straight losing season (*page 92*) but it has not been the country's worst college football team during that period. The distinction goes to the University of Texas at El Paso. So says Steve Harvey, the Los Angeles newspaperman whose weekly rankings of the gridiron hapless, the Bottom Ten, is syndicated in 137 papers. The feature's popularity helps console Harvey when Arizona Coach Tony Mason calls the reverse poll "sick" and O. J. Simpson calls Harvey "a jerk."

Harvey does not deny that Northwestern has been consistently inept in recent years. In fact, he ranked NU "No. 1" in the Bottom Ten for three straight weeks last season until the "Mildcats," as he calls them, blew their chances for the top spot by upsetting Illinois 21–7 in what he styled a "must lose game." Year in and year out, though, UTEP has it all under NU. In the last five seasons the Miners have finished No. 1 once and No. 2 twice in the Bottom Ten and they ranked fourth going into Saturday's 44–0 shellacking by Brigham Young, a loss that left them 1–6 this season and 8–55 going back to 1973 (vs. NU's 12–49–1). Another Bottom Ten perennial is Kansas State, whose excessive generosity with scholarships has prompted the NCAA to ban the school from bowl games for two years. Harvey finds this a curious punishment for a team that has won just four of its last 26 games.

"It would have been more interesting," he says, "if Kansas State had been *forced* to play a bowl game."

YEA, DRUMSTICK!

Ordinarily, the 9,157 fans in the Summit in Houston might have been tempted to head en masse for the exits. After all, with the fourth quarter just starting in their NBA home opener, the Rockets were leading the New York Nets by the decidedly un-spine-tingling score of 101–61. But then the public-address announcer reminded the crowd of a promotional offer. It seems that Ron Krispy



Fried Chicken, a Houston-based restaurant chain with 80 outlets, had promised ticket-holders a free $1.55 fried-chicken dinner—including two pieces of bird, one side order, and rolls—every time the Rockets scored 135 points or more at home.

Their interest and appetites thus aroused, the fans not only stayed in their seats, but began to chant, "We want chicken, we want chicken." As the score climbed toward the mouth-watering 135-point mark, Houston players slapped hands on the bench and one of them chirp-chirped, "Let's break this guy." Doing his part, at one point Coach Tom

continued

Nissalke sent his regulars back into action, prompting the crowd to change its chant to, "Tom wants chicken, Tom wants chicken." Finally, with 51 seconds left and the score 133–83, Houston Guard Mike Dunleavy put in a dinner-winning layup and the Rockets went on to a 139–87 victory.

Next day, as 3,587 ticket-holders descended on Ron's outlets for $5,559.85 worth of free food, Steve Woodall, who runs the business with his dad Ron, said he welcomed the publicity the giveaway was generating. "It would cost us $2,750 just to buy a 30-second TV slot on *Battlestar Gallactica*," he said. "We're getting something better—it's not advertising but true news." But Woodall also admitted being apprehensive. He had introduced the promotion secure in the knowledge that the Rockets had reached 135 points at home only once before in their eight-year history, yet here they had already done it in their 1978-79 opener. And he allowed that he could find the expense prohibitive if they start hitting 135 more often than, say, once a month.

His Rocket teammates were meanwhile calling Dunleavy by his new nickname: Chicken Man.

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE?

If any of Idaho State's cross-country opponents place too much stock in names, they could be psyched out even before the starter's gun sounds. Among the Bengal runners this season is a full-blooded Sioux from Mobridge, S. Dak. named Cornell Three Legs.

A NICE NIGHT'S WORK

Close analysis of available horseplaying systems reveals that betting the jockey rather than the nag is as good a way to go broke as any. But racegoers who put their faith and money on a 36-year-old jockey named Dave Gall last Wednesday night at Cahokia Downs in East St. Louis, Ill. turned out to be geniuses, each and every one. Gall rode all 10 races on the program and won eight of them, the first jockey ever to bring home that many winners on the same card in the U.S. But for a photo-finish loss in the fourth race to a 3–5 favorite, Gall would have had yet another winner.

Gall won in the stretch and wire-to-wire, aboard long shots as well as favorites. He won the first three races on horses paying $10.80, $4.40 and $16.60 before his mount in the fourth, a 3-to-1 shot named Jamie Lee, lost the photo to odds-on favorite Kentucky Candy. Following two more wins paying $19.40 and $16.20, Gall finished out of the money in the seventh. Then, after another two wins ($5 and $6), he completed his evening by bringing a gelding named Geordin from off the pace to win the five-furlong 10th race by two lengths. Geordin, who had finished in the money just once in 19 races, paid $12.

Gall has been the leading jockey at Cahokia Downs in five of the last six years and was fourth in the country in wins during '76 and '77. He had been sidelined much of this year by a broken collarbone and a suspension, which made his big night especially welcome. Gall said that the pressure on him actually decreased as the evening wore on. "The more you win like that, the more relaxed you get," he said. "If one of your horses loses, they surely can't blame you, can they?"

EDUCATED FIST

Rhode Island Coach Bob Griffin said that his team would practice the play and, yes, might use it in a game. Massachusetts' Bob Pickett denounced it as a piece of japery that violated "the ethics of coaching." Around the Yankee Conference—indeed, around college football—people were still debating the great "batball play" that enabled lowly Maine to escape with a 7–7 tie against favored New Hampshire (SI, October 23).

The play began when Maine Placekicker Mike Hodgson got set for what appeared to be a field-goal attempt from New Hampshire's 28-yard line. Instead of placing the football, however, holder Tony Trafton tossed it into the air and Hodgson punched it as though he were serving a volleyball. The ball sailed past New Hampshire's unsuspecting players, landed on the five and skidded into the end zone, where Maine's Dave Higgins fell on it for a touchdown.

It turned out that Coach Jack Bicknell had introduced the sleight-of-fist play several weeks earlier and that his men had practiced it while humming the theme from the TV show *Batman*. "I knew it was possible I looked like the biggest jerk in America," Bicknell allowed after ordering the play against New Hampshire. "But my kids have taken some terrible beatings. I was trying to give them a lift."

New Hampshire Coach Bill Bowes angrily claimed that the batball play was either 1) illegal or 2) ought to be, but his protests were in vain. The NCAA rule book prohibits batting a fumble and also batting any ball out of bounds to gain yardage. But batting a non-fumbled ball *in*bounds is legal. Far from being new, such a play was fairly common in high schools—until it was outlawed in 1975. But the colleges have never prohibited it, and University of Delaware Athletic Director Dave Nelson, longtime editor-secretary of the NCAA football rules committee, included a sketch of just such a play in his 1976 book, *Illustrated Football Rules*. Bicknell had gotten the idea of attempting the play from reading Nelson's book.

"I think it's an interesting and innovative play," says Nelson. "One of the problems with football today is that it's so conservative. This play is a lot like an onside kick except that one is with the hand, the other the foot. It's not easy to execute, and because it's a free ball the defense has as much opportunity to recover as the offense. In this case, one coach simply knew the rules, the other didn't."

SOMETHING FOR THE PIGGY BANK

Tracy Austin, the 15-year-old tennis prodigy, turned professional last week, one of the youngest world-class athletes ever to do so. In the past, all money Tracy "won" in tournaments was turned over to the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's youth development program. The teen-ager's decision to join the pro circuit means that future earnings will be hers to keep. The implications are clear to Bill Ryan, Tracy's counselor at Rolling Hills (Cal.) High, where the sophomore maintains a straight-A average. "Next year she should take a course in accounting," he says.

And you can forget the allowance, Mom.

THEY SAID IT

- Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, the well-known ring physician, on the sale of video cassettes showing both Ali-Spinks fights for $89.95: "Hell, for that money, Spinks will come to your house."
- Jackie Stewart, the peripatetic ex-auto driver: "In one year I traveled 450,000 miles by air. That's 18½ times around the world—or once around Howard Cosell's head."

END



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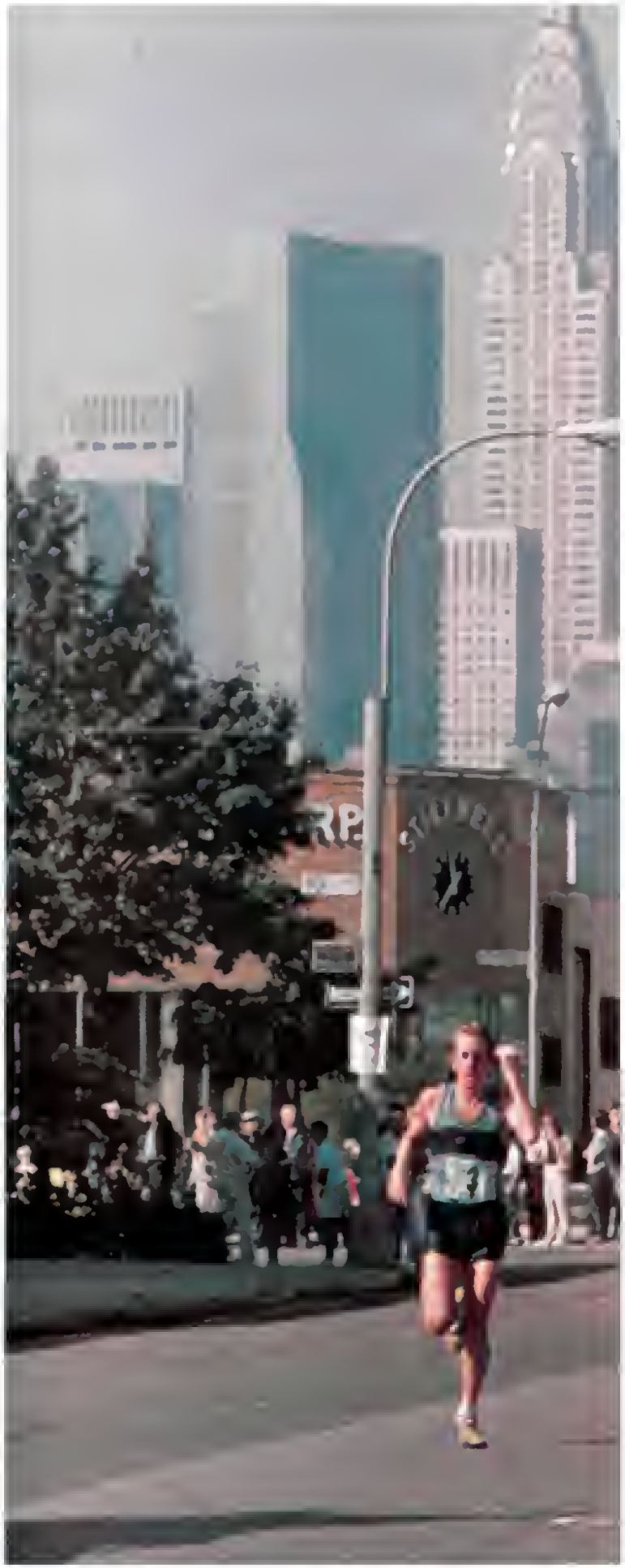
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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 30, 1978

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

That's where Bill Rodgers went—from Staten Island to Manhattan—to win his third straight New York marathon

by KENNY MOORE





Bill Rodgers stood at the start of Sunday's New York City Marathon without his gloves. "Won't need 'em today," he said ruefully, trying to catch a glimpse of Manhattan through a thick, unseasonably warm haze. It was 61°, well above Rodgers' beloved chill. "I am freaked out over this weather," he said. "Today I think it's going to be Garry's race."

Garry Bjorklund, the Olympic 10,000-meter finalist from Minneapolis who had battled Rodgers for 20 miles last year before succumbing to stomach cramps, stared across at Rodgers. "I don't concern myself with anyone but him," Bjorklund said.

Others were more expansive. "There simply is no finer place in the world to start a race," said Great Britain's Chris Stewart, third in both 1976 and 1977. "It's not merely scenic, it's functional." Indeed, after the starting gun, the broad delta of 28 lanes leading away from the Staten Island toll plaza gathered in the 10,000 runners of this largest marathon in history and sent them up the western slope of the Verrazano Bridge, which links Staten Island and Brooklyn, without mishap.

In the two previous years that the New York marathon had passed through the city's five boroughs (from 1970 to 1975 it clung to the safe confines of Central Park), the race was permitted only the right three lanes of the Verrazano, the world's largest suspension bridge. This year the runners were given the bridge's entire upper level, and experienced male marathoners were assigned the right half. New Zealand's Kevin Ryan led a quickly unraveling knot of contenders, Rodgers and Bjorklund among them. To their left were the women and novices. Separated by a steel wall, they would not join un- *continued*

Bjorklund (17) forced the early pace, leaving all but Rodgers behind, but after the halfway point he, too, was gone.



til the 2½-mile point, where it was hoped the fields would be scattered enough for the women to blend in without damage to their pace. In previous mass races, women have faced the frustrating choice either of starting to the rear of the pack—thus sacrificing a minute or two in the bouncing, dancing shuffle to the starting line itself—or beginning in the front ranks and having to sprint to escape being trampled. Last year defending champion Miki Gorman, an 88-pound butterfly, was jostled into a frantic early pace, tired, and was well off her course record of 2:39:11. This year the 1,100 women entrants (up from the 88 of two years ago), who were contesting their national AAU championship as well, calmly established their own rhythms and sailed into Brooklyn in high spirits.

Marty Cooksey of Orange, Calif., the Avon International Champion, moved ahead. Confident and extraordinarily fit, she hoped to approach 2:30, a time that would shatter the 2:34:48 world record of West Germany's Christa Vahlensieck. Vahlensieck herself lurked behind, as did Norway's Grete Waitz, the World Cup 3,000-meter champion trying her first marathon. Waitz's only expectation was to finish. "I've never run more than 20 kilometers," she said. "I came because I wanted to see New York."

As the two rivers of runners flowed off the bridge and joined, the vibration was palpable. The impression was of a medium-sized town up and on the move, affirming the view that distance running may be a mark of our entire species, not just of a few members. The rumbling footfalls conveyed as well a sense of the enormity of the organizers' responsibilities once such a mass is set in motion. Some 4,600 of these men and women were attempting their first marathon. Race Director Fred Lebow of the New York Road Runners Club had constantly urged entrants not to run if they had any doubt they would finish. "In 1967 when I started running," said Lebow, "there was no one to tell me what to do, no book to read. Now you can smother in literature, go deaf at running clinics. There is no excuse for a runner not to be informed and prepared. Even so, three of our entrants died between signing up in July and the race. The law of averages tells you some more are capable of it today." In reaction, Lebow boosted the number of medical attendants from 100 to 300, placing them in 20 areas, while 21 water stations would dispense more than 250,000 paper cups of liquid.

Now Lebow, riding in a pace car ahead of the leaders, realized that 250,000 cups wouldn't be enough. He began calling to the crowds along Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn to bring more water. Few moved, for to the spectators 61° hardly seemed hot. It seemed perfect. The day thus was a test of runners' wisdom.

"I was feeling good," said Ian Thompson of England, the fastest man in the race with his 2:09:12 run in 1974. So Thompson burst ahead before five miles, leading Ryan, Rodgers and Bjorklund. As they ran through whirlwinds of dry leaves blown up by helicopter prop-wash, Rodgers felt uneasy. "I was bummed out," he said. "The road seemed rougher and more uneven, the crowds bigger than last year. And Garry was right beside me. I began to get this sense of a duel developing—at six miles! That's suicide. I wanted to tell him to be calm, to save his competitiveness, but of course I couldn't do that."

The Hispanic and Italian crowds in the Gowanus area beat at them with cheers. It seemed as if every third man held a squealing child overhead. "New Yorkers are quick to applaud people they see overcoming adversity," said a spectator, "even if they've brought it all on themselves."

That may explain why for months Lebow has been accosted about a dozen times a day by healthy, beaming people of assorted race and sex who exclaimed, "You're the person who's brought this city together again."

Lebow had brought everything together at the race headquarters on Columbus Circle, in a 10-story marble building that used to be the Huntington Hartford Museum. There in the past weeks he had coordinated a staff of 3,000 volunteers, not to mention five borough governments and police forces.

"The running of the future isn't going to be managed by clubs," he said the day before the race. "It will be organized by corporations. I only hope race directors can guide sponsors, direct them away from being so intrusive that we lose the spirit that makes this special."

At the eight-mile point, in the shadow of the Williamsburgh Savings Bank tower, Bjorklund bolted out, taking the

continued

Although none of the 10,000 runners had to pay, the Verrazano Narrows Bridge still took its toll



Seeking a better view, two edventurers perch themselves on top of the message of the day



Proving that old runners do not even fade away, the 46 year-old Foster came in a remarkable sixth

MARATHON *continued*

pace from above five minutes per mile to below 4.56. "Billy is so strong," he said later. "I figured if I could hurt him badly enough early, he'd have to go easy the last 10 miles." Only Rodgers stayed with Bjorklund, but he was shocked at the move. "I was mad at him," he said. "In fact, I felt like swearing at him because it seemed it was a chance he didn't have to take. He could have waited for me to die naturally."

Behind them the mood altered. The great following throng was freer of driving competitive juices, lighter, far more responsive to the crowds. The division between these worlds of racers and finishers is perhaps the division between sport and sociology. "This marathoning boom is an American phenomenon," English Olympian Ron Hill had said. "We have our joggers, but our largest marathon still draws only 300."

Who were these thousands in New York? The race organization issued a breakdown of the field by profession, revealing some startling statistics. Eighty-five percent had college degrees. Half had *graduate* degrees. There were 767 lawyers, 547 doctors, 977 teachers. There were 98 company presidents.

"Two years ago running was an upper-middle-class white male sport," said George Hirsch, publisher of *New Times* and *Runner*, who finished in 2:48.02. "Now the women are rushing in, but the question is, will it broaden out, will it trickle down? It's hard to imagine a hard-working sharecropper or coal miner dragging home at night and then going out to run."

Rodgers felt as if he were dragging as he and Bjorklund raced past 10 miles in 49.0, past Williamsburg's somber colonies of bearded Hasidic Jews in black coats and fur hats. They surged often. "I could never seem to stay right beside him," said Rodgers, who was working on an 18-race winning streak. "I told myself I'd beaten him in all our races this summer, but then the thought came to me, was that because all the time he had been pointing for *this* one?" As they pounded on over cobblestones and old trolley tracks, Rodgers' wife Ellen watched from atop the photographers' truck.

"I was sure they were going to kill each other," she said. "Whoever was running sensibly in third or fourth was going to win."

Just before halfway, Rodgers asked Bjorklund if he felt all right.

"Not too good," was the reply.

"I don't either," said Rodgers. "Let's coast for a while."

They eased slightly, sharing a water bottle. Bjorklund was pleased, as it seemed he had tired Rodgers according to plan.

Ahead in the pace car, Fred Lebow was radioed a message that seemed to dash his plans for a great race.

Back in 1976 Bronx officials had been hurt because the runners crossed the Willis Avenue Bridge from Manhattan, took but three ceremonial steps in the fifth borough, spun around a light pole at the 20-mile mark and headed back to Manhattan. So last year the course included a mile in this discouraging neighborhood, but the police, wary of the race's reception here, made it avoid busy intersections. They learned a lesson. "Everybody loved it," said Lebow. "This year they said 'let's show it off,' so we ran the blue line on main streets that we calculated would be the exact same distance." The week of the race it was discovered the change had added 159 yards. Last year's course had to be used again. "I don't know why you had to *tell* anybody it was longer," said New York Park Commissioner Gordon Davis, a frolicsome man. "Who would know?"

To this the astonished Lebow returned an affronted stare. "I would know," he said.

Now Lebow had learned that the police actually wanted to direct the runners over the *longer* route. Incredulous, he cried out to John Schawaroch, chief of the NYPD Traffic Division, "Please, please, Chief, the times will be all wrong. If you do this, you'll be killing the whole marathon!"

A few minutes later, Schawaroch's deputy cruised by to say the switch was off. Lebow collapsed in relief. "Only one more crisis to go," he said.

Going up the 1,300 yards of bright blue carpet that protected the runners' feet from the harsh grating of the Queensboro Bridge, Garry Bjorklund's crisis was upon him. "I couldn't run on the mushy carpet," he said. "Suddenly I was fading."

"I didn't feel good either," said Rodgers. "Garry had pulled me into no-man's-land by constantly trying to break me. I felt like slowing with him, but I thought, 'Who's coming up behind us?' So I went on."

As the runners swung north on First

Avenue, Fred Lebow said, "It is here that I am most worried." Last year the crowds from the singles bars and fashionable apartments pressed in so closely that there was seldom room to run more than single file. The din was heartening, but many felt claustrophobic. "What would happen if the runners couldn't get through?" someone asked. "They would lash out, and more spectators would press to see and the whole race would be strangled." Lebow agreed and appealed to Manhattan police. Miles of gray barricades were brought in to keep watchers on the sidewalk.

It worked. Rodgers had two lanes clear as he ran uptown, taking a bottle of water from his brother at 69th Street, running in the blue exhaust of police motorcycles. "It was all willpower," he said. "I had strange, fleeting thoughts. I had a vision of falling down a manhole. I thought once, 'I can't bomb out now. It'd be bad for business.' " (He had introduced a line of running wear at Bloomingdale's the day before.)

Bjorklund ran through disappointment into pain. "I cramped on the inside of my thighs," he said. "By the time we hit the Bronx I was stumbling. I couldn't bend my knees enough to get over the curb on the Madison Avenue Bridge. I stopped with shooting pains. I couldn't work them out. I wasn't going to quit, though. I always finish these things." He did, in 2:29:58 for 76th place. "One of these times, I'm going to stick all the way," he said. "I don't know any other way to run."

Grete Waitz had been timid early. Now she came on, catching Marty Cooksey at 18 miles. They ran together for a mile, then Waitz was on her own, leaving Cooksey to finish a distant second. Waitz is 25, a junior high school language and phys ed teacher from Oslo, and holds the best time in the world this year for the women's mile, 4:26.9. "But there happen strange things after 20 kilometers," said her husband Jack. "I was worried about my legs," said Waitz. "For the last four miles I had cramps in both thighs." Until the last mile she did not know she was running two minutes faster than the world record pace. She finished in 2:32:30.

Rodgers slowed over the last few miles in Central Park. "If someone had offered me water in the Park, I would have stopped and had a drink and a chat," he said blithely. "But no one did, so I pressed on." He finished in 2:12:12 for his third straight New York victory. A resurging Ian Thompson was two minutes behind. "The emotion in the last half mile was unbelievable," said Thompson. "A glorious sensation." Great Britain's Trevor Wright was third in 2:14:35. Sixth was Jack Foster of New Zealand, in 2:17:29. Foster is 46 years old. Frank Shorter, improving after ankle surgery, was 12th.

Grete Waitz arrived with sunburned shoulders and her new women's world record. "I couldn't think at all," she said. "I was just looking for the finish line." She was tugged before the shouting press with Rodgers, and listened to him say, "I think experience won it for me. Bjorklund is so tough. When he gets the sense of this race, watch out."

Waitz revealed her own sense of the marathon. "I don't know if I'll ever do one of these again," she said. END

Waitz had never run a marathon, and during the last few miles had leg cramps, but when she finished she had broken the women's record by two minutes



THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

The Patriots gave all New England something to shout about as they took over the top spot in the AFC East by mauling the Dolphins **by JOE MARSHALL**



Harry Houdini, make way. When it comes to putting pressure on yourself, no one quite matches the New England Patriots. Before the season even started, Coach Chuck Fairbanks flatly stated, "We can beat any team in this league consistently with the players we have right now." Accordingly, New England introduced a new mascot named Superpatriot, a sort of combination Paul Revere and Superman in red, white and blue. It also circulated a team picture boldly inscribed, "The 1978 Superpatriots." Which was meant to suggest, of course, a succession of Super Sundays leading ultimately to the Super Bowl. At which point, the Patriots promptly lost two of their first three games.

But lo and behold, last Sunday the Superpatriots were making good on their boast, beating their chief division rivals, the Miami Dolphins, 33–24, to take sole possession of first place in the AFC East.

The Pats came from behind twice, breaking a 24–24 tie late in the fourth quarter with an impressive five-play, 64-yard touchdown drive, then locking up the win when Richard Bishop sacked Dolphin Quarterback Bob Griese for a safety. That produced the odd sight of George Roberts, the Dolphin punter, trying an onside punt with the free kick. Alas, it failed. As one banner proclaimed, THIS IS NOT THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN.

In moving a game in front of Miami with a 6–2 record, the Patriots showcased the sort of depth that does take teams to the Super Bowl. New England entered the game with five runners who had gained between 199 and 313 yards. Last on the list was second-year man Horace Ivory, but against Miami he led all New England rushers with 113 yards. He also scored the Patriots' last two touchdowns, going 23 yards for the clincher on a draw play. On that run Ivory broke a tackle by Dolphin Defensive Back Norris Thomas at the 15 and stumbled most of the way to the goal line before covering the last few feet on his knees. Ivory gained much of his yardage behind Right Guard Sam Adams and Right Tackle Shelby Jordan instead of New England's more heralded left side of John Hannah and Leon Gray, which also says something about Patriot depth. As Adams put it, "I resent the way people say, 'the other side of the Patriot line.' "

Beating Miami in Foxboro was important to the Patriots because they have not beaten the Dolphins in Miami since 1966, and the two teams are scheduled to meet there in the final game of the season, on Monday night, Dec. 18. More important, New England sank the Dolphins on the day they were supposed to be buoyed by the return of Griese. Last year's passing champion had not started since he suffered a partial tear of the medial collateral ligament in his left knee in the Dolphins' final exhibition game.

But Griese's return wasn't the only cause for Dolphin optimism. In their last visit to Foxboro late last season, the Dolphins lost a shot at the playoffs when they managed only 25 yards rushing against New England's 3–4 defense and were beaten 14–10. In the off-season, seeking to resurrect his ball-control offense, Don Shula dealt his first- and fifth-round draft picks plus Wide Receiver Freddie Solomon and Safety Vern Roberson to San Francisco for Running Back Delvin Williams. Going into Sunday's game, Williams led the AFC with 673 yards on the ground. As a team the Dolphins were averaging better than five yards a carry to lead the league.

On the opposite side of the line, however, New England boasted a miserly defense. "First down is the crucial play for us," said Patriot Linebacker Steve Nelson, who leads the team in tackles and fumble recoveries and is tied for the lead in interceptions. "Miami likes to run. They've really put emphasis on the run this year. If we can hold them to three yards or less on first down, we can force them to pass. Then we can use our special pass defenses and dictate the game."

New England did just that. Miami went nowhere on the ground in its first two series and thereafter had to rely heavily on passing. Williams did manage to scratch out 116 yards, but overall the Dolphins were an aerial act last Sunday. Miami tried 40 pass plays and ran just 26 times.

Griese tied a Schaefer Stadium record with 22 completions, which accounted for 227 yards and two touchdowns. The first of these, nine yards to Nat Moore, tied the score at 14 in the second quarter, and the second, a four-yard-



Grogan hands off to Ivory who was the Pats big ground-gainer, scampering 113 yards for the day

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE

er to Andre Tillman, moved Miami in front 21–17 midway through the third quarter. Griese also helped set up the game's first touchdown, a one-yard plunge by Williams, when his pass, intended for Moore in the end zone, resulted in an interference call against Patriot Defensive Back Raymond Clayborn. But Griese also was intercepted twice in the second quarter by New England Safety Doug Beaudoin, and both of those resulted in Patriot touchdowns

Griese played, as he will for the rest of the season, with his knee in a brace. His performance was heroic but no more productive than that of the Pats' 25-year-old signal caller, Steve Grogan, who engineered the two second-half, 64-yard drives that ended with Ivory's touchdown runs. Grogan passed for 176 yards and ran for 34 more, including an 18-yard seamper that set up a 29-yard David Posey field goal in the closing seconds of the first half. That put New England ahead 17–14 and Fairbanks later cited it as a key to the win.

It was a rewarding day for Grogan, who has endured some booing from Patriot fans this season. When New England threw away those two early games, losing to Washington and Baltimore on touchdowns scored via a fumble return and a kickoff return, Grogan, who was passing poorly, became the scapegoat. After the Colt game one fan poured beer on him. "That just makes me play harder," Grogan said last week "I don't care for being booed. I want to prove myself to the people here "

Grogan has a strong but sometimes erratic arm that commands attention in the AFC East, a quarterback's division. Buffalo's Joe Ferguson, the league's second-ranked passer this season, New York's much ballyhooed Richard Todd, Baltimore's Bert Jones and Griese can all hit a bird in the eye at 50 yards. But Grogan all too often hits defenders in the hands at much shorter range. In three and a half seasons he has thrown 74 interceptions. "Sometimes Steve's a little overconfident in the strength of his arm," admits Fairbanks. "He takes unnecessary chances which result in his high interception total "

Nevertheless, to the Patriots and to other teams in the league Grogan is "the man" in New England. "Steve may not have the polish or the glamor that surrounds quarterbacks like Stabler, Todd or Griese," says Guard John Hannah, "but he's our leader, our motivator. When we need big plays, he comes up with them." Frequently those big plays are runs—his own, which Fairbanks, flouting accepted NFL coaching dogma, encourages "I've always believed in trying to take advantage of the abilities your players have," he says, "and Steve is a threat as a runner."

Those who view Grogan and his occasionally errant passes as a liability to the Patriots overlook the obvious—all things considered, he is a quality quarterback In 1975 Fairbanks saw enough in the rookie from Kansas State to trade away the disappointing Jim Plunkett. In 1976, Grogan's first full year as a starter, the Patriots improved their record from 3–11 to 11–3. That season Grogan passed for almost 2,000 yards and 18 touchdowns, ran for 12 more to set an NFL record and led the league's quarterbacks with 397 yards rushing.

That is superb production for any quarterback, much less a second-year man who a year earlier as a fifth-round draft choice had admitted, "All I hoped to do was stay around long enough to make a strong enough impression so that when I got cut I might be able to catch on with somebody else " This wasn't defeatism, just realism After all, Grogan had been selected after such notable quarterbacks as Mike Franckowiak and Gary Sheide. Obviously he has survived, probably because his temperament is ideally suited to the sort of pressure the Patriots are currently thriving on. "If we're way ahead, it's not as exciting as if the game is close and I know I've got to produce," he says. "That's the excitement—what this game is all about "

In New England that's what might be called a superpatriotic attitude **END**

30-95, AND JUST LOOK WHO'S ALIVE

The NCAA recruiting rule designed to diminish football dynasties went into full effect this season, and former have-nots like Southern Methodist have proved that the old order is coming on to some tough times **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Ron Meyer, the Southern Methodist football coach, was relaxing aboard a private jet returning him to Dallas from a recruiting trip to New Orleans, and he was explaining how dead certain he is that SMU will soon reign as the best college football team in the land. "You may have forgotten," he said to a listener who obviously had, "that SMU was the national champion in 1935. And when you have that kind of embers, they are there to be rekindled."

Heretofore, that sort of talk would be considered wishful, if not whimsical, thinking. After all, how could SMU—a private school with a mere 5,481 undergraduates—win big in big-time football? Can't happen. Make that couldn't.

In 1973, the NCAA decreed that, beginning the next academic year, its Division I schools could award only 30 new football scholarships for any one year, and that as of the 1978 season a maximum of 95 scholarships could be in effect at any one time. What prompted the rule was the way open and unlimited recruiting had tended to perpetuate success. The big teams with plenty of money could gobble up all the best athletes because all the best athletes wanted to play for the big teams. As a result the bigs would sign a load of good players not only to assure depth but also to make sure they didn't play for anybody else. Pittsburgh is a classic example. In 1973, the final year of open recruiting, it took in a freshman class of 75 players—including Tony Dorsett—and parlayed that boxcar number into a national title in 1976.

Naturally, most of the traditionally powerful schools screamed at the new rule, saying it penalized them for working hard and recruiting the best players. At the same time most fans ignored what seemed to be yet another boring backroom squabble in the business of football. But privately, coaches—again, those at the large football-oriented schools—confessed their true fears: it might give a lot of other schools a chance to get good players and start winning, too.

These fears—and hopes—have been confirmed. Thus far this has been a gloriously unpredictable year in college football. No longer is it only the same old boys winning, laughing and telling jokes; no longer is it only the same old boys losing, moping and saying, "Shut up and deal." It has shorted the computers, confounded the odds people and electrified fans.

"Yes, sir," chortles Meyer, "the new rule means places like SMU can dust off their great heritage, which has been lying around like unshined copper—all green and cruddy—and polish it up." Even at Houston, which routinely had around 100 players on scholarship,

The Mustangs' Mike Ford threw for 357 yards and two touchdowns, but Houston stole five passes



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC



The Cougars' Danny Davis also threw for two TDs—and kept SMU guessing when he ran the option

Coach Bill Yeoman was hailing the change last week as his squad prepared to meet the Mustangs. "It's the salvation of college football," he said.

There are examples of the new balance everywhere, and next year should be even more dramatic. In the Big Ten both Michigan and Ohio State—those hoary superpowers—have been beaten in conference play. And the Buckeyes also were beaten by Penn State and tied by, yup, SMU. Michigan has lost to Michigan State. Which means that Purdue, 27–16 victor over Ohio State, is leading the Big Ten. Purdue!

In the Pac-10, things they are a-changing, too. Three of the nation's top seven passers are in the conference, no great surprise there. What is a shock is that not one of them plays for USC or UCLA. Steve Dils is at Stanford, Jack Thompson at Washington State and Rich Campbell at California. Before the 30-95 rules, these players might have been showing their brilliant passing ability only in practice at one of the perennial powers.

Among independents there are signs of the 30-95 blues at Notre Dame and Pitt. And Penn State had all it could handle while beating Temple, Rutgers and, wouldn't you know it, SMU.

But nowhere are things more colossally scrambled than in the Southwest Conference. As the season moved along, Texas A&M appeared to be the best team, and people were looking forward to its Nov. 18 game with Arkansas. Whoops. Two weeks ago Houston swamped the sixth-ranked Aggies 33–0; last Saturday winless Baylor (0–5) stuck A&M again, 18–0. And another football heritage, the Aggie joke, was dusted off. Undefeated Arkansas went to Austin Saturday with its best team in years to face a Texas team that had been blitzed by Oklahoma. Whoops. This weekend the Longhorns play—wouldn't you know it—SMU.

From all this SMU stands out as a particular example of the new equilibrium. For SMU is precisely the kind of school the members of the NCAA had in mind when they decided to curb the gluttony of the traditional powers. Football had been so generally down at SMU that it took a real fan to remember what those initials stood for when the scores were given on the radio. Last year only 6,918 showed up in the 72,032-seat Cotton Bowl to see the Mustangs play Rice. But last Saturday 64,871 appeared in the same stadium—the most at a regular-season Mustang home game since 1965—to watch them play Houston for the Southwest Conference lead. O.K., so it was Band Day, so a lot of folks got in on $2 tickets, so it was exciting and disappointing as Houston broke open the game in the second half to win 42–28. Nevertheless, SMU's new athletic director, Russ Potts, is an unabashed promoter. And he has something to promote. He has helped create Mustang Mania and considers it a dictum from on high that he get bumper stickers expressing SMU fervor on every car in Dallas. There's even a song to hype the Mania.

We're the SMU Mustang men
We're gonna win some games, but we won't say when
Our greatest heights are yet to be known
We've got all the coaches worried—even our own

Potts is well equipped to cope with setbacks such as last Saturday's loss. When he was the promotion man at the University of Maryland he created a Return to Glory campaign for the Terps, they went 2–9 that year. But Potts is realistic

continued

30-95 *continued*

He says, "Winning is the roof on the house." At the moment SMU still has some leaks.

And then there is Meyer, a free spirit in his third year as coach, who says it's impossible to misquote him because he is so talkative. He says, "I open my big mouth so much I have to get up early to work hard and back it all up."

It seems that Meyer was destined to go to Dallas. When he was young he named his dog after Doak Walker, SMU's 1948 Heisman winner. Later he toyed briefly with the idea of naming his first son Doak. But he admits that while 30-95 has given SMU a chance to achieve greatness, it's not there yet. "We're like London in 1941," says Meyer. "Nothing but a little pride, a little discipline and a little talent to hold off the blitz. And we know when we attack, it's going to take rowboats to get us back home." Reminded that SMU doesn't have an ocean, he snaps, "Hell, we've got Turtle Creek."

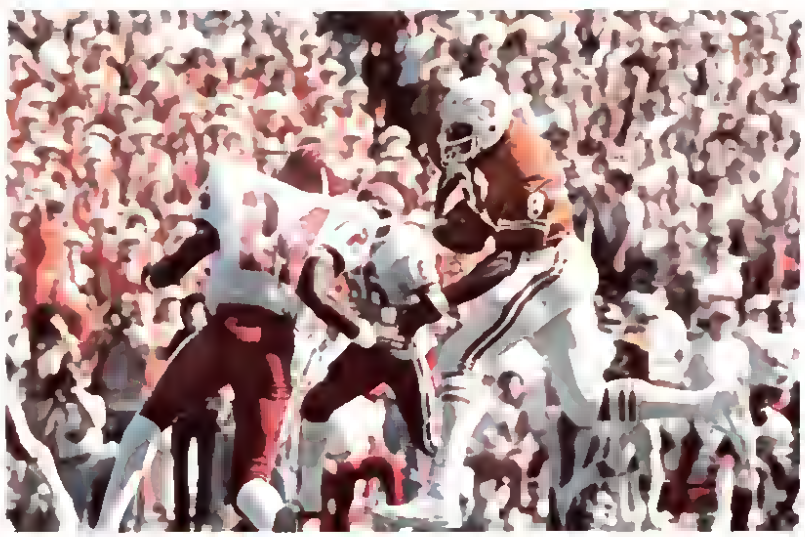
Now that a school can sign only 30 players, each player is important. One superfind can mean everything. Witness Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann or Iowa State's Dexter Green or North Carolina State's Ted Brown. Or Mike Ford, SMU's 6′ 3″, 230-pound quarterback from Mesquite, Texas. "Ford," acknowledges Meyers, "is a pretty good vehicle for us." The caption of a cartoon in a Dallas paper said, "This is one treacherous dude. When you least expect it, he'll

continued

A FRESHMAN HOOKS THE HOGS

The week had already been a busy one for Texas freshman Lawrence Sampleton. On Sunday he was still treating a sprained ankle that had limited his play to specialty teams for the first four games of the season. On Monday he learned he would be a starter for the first time—against third-ranked, unbeaten Arkansas. And on Tuesday he was worrying about his mother, who was scheduled to enter a hospital for an operation. But on Saturday Sampleton shucked his cares and caught four passes for 108 yards and a touchdown, as once-beaten Texas upset Arkansas 28–21 before 78,000 fans in Texas Memorial Stadium. It was enough to remind the Southwest Conference that, whatever was occurring in the Cotton Bowl and elsewhere, one should not take tradition lightly.

The 6′ 6″, 215-pound Sampleton first burst into prominence in the second quarter with the score tied 7–7. At Seguin High School, just 50 miles south of Austin, Sampleton once ran the 220 in 21.6 seconds. Now Longhorn Quarterback Randy McEachern was looking for that speed. Arkansas Cornerback Vaughn Lusby had left the game with a fractured cheekbone and McEachern wanted to test his replacement, O. C. Jackson. With a first and 10 on the Texas 32, McEachern threw to Sampleton over the middle. Running in his size 13½ Puma basketball sneakers, Sampleton caught up with the ball at the Arkansas 42. Three plays later McEachern again unloaded in Sampleton's direction. Sampleton and Jackson went up for the ball at the five. With his 11½-inch height advantage, Sampleton won the struggle and eased into the end zone for the go-ahead score.



In his first start for Texas, Lawrence Sampleton stunned Arkansas with four clutch catches and a TD

Arkansas took the kickoff and, with 54 seconds left, Quarterback Ron Calcagni threw on first down from the Hogs' 20. Johnnie Johnson intercepted, and four plays later McEachern hit Lam Jones with a five-yarder in the corner of the end zone. Texas led 20–7 at the half, and Sampleton's score looked pivotal.

But who, everyone wondered, *is* this guy? "Super kid," said Bill Ellington, the Texas assistant athletic director. "We've been looking at him since his sophomore year in high school." For that matter, Texas has been looking for an all-conference tight end to call its own since 1968.

In the third quarter Arkansas put thoughts of Sampleton far out of mind. Running and passing effectively, Calcagni engineered scoring drives of 69 and 62 yards and the Hogs took a 21–20 lead. If an interception of a pass intended for Sampleton following Arkansas' last TD hadn't been negated by a roughing-the-passer call, the Hogs might well have been home free. Instead, on the last play of the third quarter, McEachern again found Sampleton, hitting him for 14 yards and setting up a 47-yard field-goal attempt by another Seguin native, Russell Erxleben. It was wide. No matter. With 8:02 left, McEachern threw to Sampleton for the last time, 32 yards to the Arkansas 10. Another corner-of-the-end-zone pass to Lam Jones and the Longhorns were ahead for good.

Texas now holds a 46–14 advantage in the series and seems to be able to win at the most painful moments for Arkansas. A 15–14 victory settled the national championship in favor of the Longhorns in 1969. Last year Texas handed Arkansas its only defeat. And now, a freshman in his first varsity start has just about wiped out the Hogs' national championship hopes. —JIM KAPLAN

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Last year, as a freshman, Ford planted 153 of 301 passes for 2,064 yards and 11 touchdowns. In six games this year he has connected on 136 of 226 for 1,812 yards and 12 touchdowns to rank second in the nation. In the 35–35 tie with Ohio State he completed 36. Says Mike, "I like for myself to be counted on to be the difference."

Everybody knew he would be, which made his acquisition by Meyer a bit difficult. Particularly when Ford had grown up longing to play for the University of Texas. Argued Meyer, "It's easy to go to Texas. It takes guts to come here." Around this time Fred Akers had just quit at Wyoming to take over at Texas, *and he, too, made a beeline for Mesquite.* But Akers didn't realize how much Mike's mother Molly wanted her son at SMU. While Akers talked to young Mike in the living room, the Fords' phone was kept off the hook in the kitchen nearby so that SMU Coaches Larry Kennan and Meyer on the other end could hear. "They just kept telling me to be calm," recalls Molly, "but really they were the ones who were so nervous."

What if Texas had gotten Molly's son? Ford, the pickup-driving country boy who has lifted the Mustangs back to prominence, seems to think he would be spending a lot of time on the bench. "I'm not a good passer now," he says, "but I expect to be soon." And what if SMU lands a premier running back to go with Ford next year, balancing out the presently one-sided attack? Before 30-95, the perennial powers would have been sure to get all or most of the good backs, leaving SMU to suit up the culls. No more.

But what may happen next year was of little help last Saturday against Houston, which looked extraordinarily good. In 1976, the first year the Cougars were eligible for the SWC football championship, they won and went to the Cotton Bowl. This year the players wear shirts under their pads that say, THINK COTTON. Yeoman, boss at Houston for 17 years, has a sign on his desk: EXPECT A MIRACLE TODAY. It will not take much of a miracle for Houston to win the SWC again this year.

The key to the Cougars' attack is also a quarterback, Danny Davis. He is a fifth-year senior who has missed two seasons—1975 and 1977—because of injuries. Yet Davis says, "I just wish I could have come here earlier and could stay longer." So does Yeoman, who thought enough of his star to redshirt several other key players when Davis was redshirted after separating a shoulder at the start of last season. Yeoman calls his crafty veer quarterback a "riverboat gambler who'll palm a card or two on you if you don't watch *him*."

Both quarterbacks lived up to their advance billing in the Cotton Bowl last Saturday but both also proved to be human as well. Ford, whose arm was banged hard in practice on Wednesday, completed 21 of 42 passes for 357 yards and two

continued



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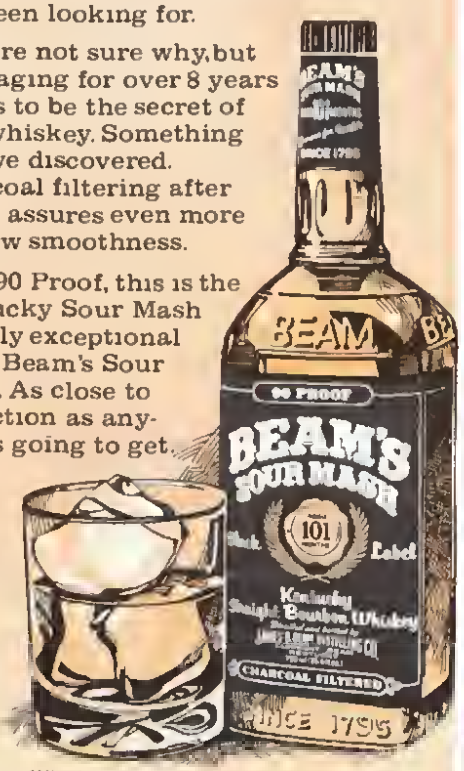
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touchdowns, including a sparkling 77-yarder to Emanuel Tolbert to tie the score at 14–14 in the second quarter. Perfect? Nope. Ford also threw five interceptions (he had thrown only seven in the first five games of the season) and fumbled a snap from center. Says Meyer, "Great football teams don't live by the pass. And when you do, you also die by it."

As for Davis, he, too, threw two touchdown passes, and he ran for a third, but it was not his best day, either. Early in the third quarter he was forced to leave the game with cramps in his toes, left calf and right hand. His understudy, Delrick Brown, proved more than equal to the challenge as he passed for a touchdown and ran the ball in for another.

The key play probably was the first one from scrimmage; it set the tone for the afternoon. Ford threw from his own 20 directly into the hands of Houston Safety Tommy Ebner. Four plays later Davis went 10 yards for the first TD. Still SMU hung tough and looked as if it would have a 14–14 standoff at halftime. But with no time showing, Davis scrambled around in a hully-gully play and finally passed crossfield to Terald Clark for a nine-yard touchdown. Aggrieved by Ford's two first-half interceptions, a fan yelled at him as he walked up the ramp to the dressing room, "Hey, Mike, that's why you lose." Ford put a lot of ice on his sore arm.

Meyer tried to rally his players: "Let's set our jaw and really compete. You are so close to being a fine football team." SMU did rally to tie the score in the third period on a 34-yard interception return by Cornerback David Hill. But with Emmett King and Randy Love rushing for 161 and 121 yards, Houston struck for two more touchdowns. And then came the killer. Rushing Ford, Cougar Tackle Leonard Mitchell saw the football, leaped, grabbed it one-handed and lumbered 30 yards for a TD. Afterward, Ford gave his view of the interception. "When he went up, he looked like he was eight or nine feet tall."

SMU now is 3–2–1, Houston 5–1 overall and 3–0 in the Southwest Conference. "We knew there would be days like this when we got into this deal," said Meyer as he walked out of the Cotton Bowl. "Shoot, we could be 0–6." "Or," suggested a bystander, "6–0." Meyer managed a laugh as he went off to do some more rekindling. **END**

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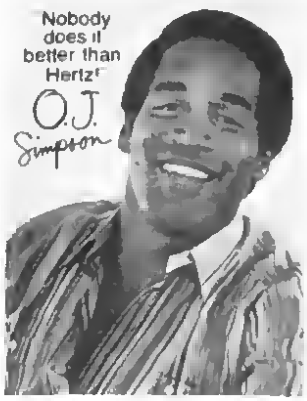


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BIG BUCKS FLAMBÉ

Golf war flamed up on both sides of the Channel last week, with money the ammunition and a handful of U.S. players the big winners *by DAN JENKINS*



All kinds of golfing intrigue enlivened the ancient sporting grounds of Europe last week as promoters went one-on-one and a bunch of Americans, vacationing from their own PGA Tour, headed for the bank with expensive wine labels pasted on their foreheads.

The golf shots that happened to be struck were more or less incidental to the dark mysteries surrounding St. Nom la Breteche and Walton Heath, in tournaments called, respectively, the 9eme Trophee Lancôme and the European Open. In short, professional golf went to Paris and London, and personalities like Tom Watson, Lee Trevino, Severiano Ballesteros and Bobby Wadkins—as well as men with names like Gaetan Mourgue d'Algue, Sven Tumba and Mark McCormack—had varying reasons to be smiling on the banks of the Seine and the Thames.

It is a complicated story, and one might as well begin with this man Gaetan Mourgue d'Algue, who is not a character in a Sabatini romance but a golf nut. A French golf nut. He has more or less devoted his life to hanging around the sport, mostly as an amateur competitor in a country where golf has been *about as popular as California wine.* Mourgue d'Algue was once France's best amateur player, which isn't all that difficult in a country where even today there are only 40,000 golfers. The hard-core European trivia expert might recall that he once represented France in World Cup competition.

Mourgue d'Algue had always wanted to improve the level of golf in France and the rest of Europe, so it was only natural that one day several years ago he would make the acquaintance of Mark McCormack. At the time, McCormack was a player's agent with an office in Cleveland and only Arnold Palmer and a few other golfers in his stable. Today, of course, he has golfers, tennis players, fashion models, broadcasters and who knows what else, plus offices in Cleveland, New York, Los Angeles, London, Tokyo, Paris, Christchurch, Rio, Toronto and Brussels.

Mourgue d'Algue knew everybody in Europe. McCormack had the players and the muscle and the salesmanship to make things happen for golf in Europe. The first result of their friendship was the annual Lancôme event, which was staged for the ninth time last week just outside Paris, but the collaboration involves much more.

Thanks in most part to McCormack, Mourgue d'Algue has practically taken over European golf. Does this mean that McCormack, an American, runs golf in Europe? Certainly it does. But in a sense he was running it anyway, and not necessarily for the worse, considering that *not much was going on before he got there.* Last week's Lancôme does not represent much more than one dimple on a Dunlop 65 compared to the things McCormack and Mourgue d'Algue are up to at present. Essentially, the two are partners in a company that now runs the Swiss Open, the Italian Open, the German Open, the Belgian Open and the Portuguese Open, along with some lesser events.

"Most European tournaments are run by a bunch of dentists from Düsseldorf," McCormack was saying last week. "They want to come in and put on their blazers and have their pictures taken with Gary Player. Somebody has to raise the purse and put the sticks in the ground."

Mourgue d'Algue has learned how to string the *gallery ropes,* and McCormack already knew how to find a sponsor like Lancôme. You dangle an Arnold Palmer in the air, and another Lancôme appears. Next year the European circuit will feature such tournaments as the Paco-Rabanne French Open, the Braun German Open, the Laurent-Perrier Belgian Open and the Tourist Board Portuguese Open.

Outside Paris in the countryside near Versailles the St Nom la Breteche course site of the Lancôme tournament was touched with the first fall colors



with a number of events dedicated to the likes of Hennessy or Moët et Chandon on the side. This is nice for the players, of course, but why was it so good for Mark McCormack and Gaetan Mourgue d'Algue?

McCormack explained. "These tournaments are all part of the British or European tour, which is like our tour. The British PGA [which has more clout than any other organization in European golf] wants the German Open to guarantee a purse of, let's say, $50,000. So we say, O.K., we'll guarantee the purse. Then we go out and sell sponsors. Whatever we sell over $50,000, we keep."

Trevino, the Lancôme winner, was hugged by Japan's Isao Aoki, who finished seventh out of eight

With all sorts of golfing stars beholden to him for exhibitions and outings and guarantees of their appearances in the tournaments, it is not difficult for McCormack to raise the purse money—and more. Which leads to the next question: Why wouldn't the people who run the British PGA ask McCormack to raise larger purses for the players, thereby leaving less for himself and Mourgue d'Algue?

"Oh, they will," McCormack said. "Next time around."

Meanwhile, however, he has them nailed with long-term contracts, right?

McCormack laughed and said, "Actually, I'd rather not use the word 'nailed.'"

Mourgue d'Algue might have originat-

continued

ed a real tournament instead of the present eight-man format had it not been for the philosophy McCormack formulated a few years ago on how to sell golf to Europe. He clings a bit to the same idea today: pay the big stars a bundle—that's whom the fans really want to see. The first Lancôme in 1970 featured Palmer, Player and Tony Jacklin. It has always been a competition with prize money based on the order of finish, and it has been a 72-hole event for the past seven years, but it has never had more than eight players, most of them McCormack clients. And over the years the amount of money the big names have received for appearing in the Lancôme could purchase a wing of Versailles.

It would seem Lancôme has gotten its money's worth. This was the first time Palmer did not play. He won in 1971, attracting some attention to the perfume, and other stars have since captured the trophy: Billy Casper, Johnny Miller, Player, Severiano Ballesteros, Ben Crenshaw, Ray Floyd, Hale Irwin and Sam Snead have competed in the tournament. Still, Mourgue d'Algue's inspiration in 1976 to have Palmer drive some golf balls off the Eiffel Tower may have done more for the sponsor than anything else.

"I thuught the idea up myself," Mourgue d'Algue says proudly. "We build a platform and Palmer hits toward a park, you see?" In 1976 and '77, Palmer hit several balls off the tower. One drive not only went toward a park, the Champ de Mars, it went through it and struck a city bus.

Before last week's gulf began, Mourgue d'Algue took the eight players and their wives and friends to dinner at the Tour d'Argent. Most of the first-timers to the Lancôme—Lee Trevino, Tom Watson, Andy North—did not know what the Tour d'Argent might be other than a neighborhood bistro overlooking the cathedral of Notre Dame. Slowly, however, they found out how many stars a restaurant could have. Trevino decided he could leave the Tabasco in his pocket. Watson noticed that you might need a brush to get the dust off the wine bottles. The ducks were registered. And everyone's dessert stayed on fire for two or three minutes. None of this kept the U.S. Open champion, North, and his wife Sue from ordering milk. *Un* milk, *s'il vous plaît.*

While Linda Watson lit a cigar and spoke of buying out the Louvre for the new house in Kansas City, her husband was asked why he had chosen to play in the Lancôme rather than the European Open, a new tournament with ambitions of becoming a world classic.

"They made me an offer I couldn't refuse," said Watson. Then he added, "Besides, I like barbecued duck."

The fact is, both Watson and Trevino were paid handsomely to take part in the Lancôme instead of the European Open. By most everyone associated with golf in Europe, this year's Lancôme was seen as an attempt by McCormack to harm the European Open because neither McCormack nor Mourgue d'Algue were running it. There were no hard figures available, but it is safe to assume that Watson and Trevino each received more than $25,000—maybe as much as $50,000—to spend a week in Paris rather than play at Walton Heath in the brand new event originated by Sven Tumba, the Swede with the Olympic ice hockey medal and backed, at least verbally, by Jack Nicklaus.

The European Open was being run by Executive Sports, a company jointly owned by John Montgomery and Eastern Airlines. It just so happens that Nicklaus was once also a partner. But Montgomery, who runs 11 PGA tournaments on the U.S. tour, does not guarantee a purse as McCormack does. You pay him a fee and he tells you how to put on a tournament, and he does it quite well. It was Tumba who raised the money for the European Open, as he does for his Scandinavian Open.

Ken Schufield, who might best be de-



Bobby Wadkins came from five back to win the European Open in a three-way playoff

scribed as the Deane Beman of the British PGA, was asked if McCormack had intentionally tried to hurt the European Open by "pressuring" sponsors not to put up any money and by getting Lancôme to lure Watson, Trevino, Player, Graham Marsh and Isao Aoki away from it.

"All I can say is that Mark knew the European Open dates almost a year ago," said Schofield. "The Lancôme could have been held another week."

Tumba said, "I had much hard time getting sponsors. I think I know why."

McCormack said, "Most Europeans don't understand the nature of the American pro. The American players don't care if some foreign country is holding a $200,000 event after their own tour is over. They don't want to know what the first prize is. They want to know what the *last* prize is. They want to be able to go somewhere with their wives or friends or children and have fun and play golf at the same time. They're worn out emotionally from their own season. If you can find something for them to do, whether it's in Europe or Australia or Japan, and guarantee them some money and a good time, you can get them."

To the people in the agent-manager-sponsor area of European golf, last week's situation was a juicy one, and there was much talk about it on both sides of the Channel, about who was right, who was wrong, who was honorable, who was not. Everyone cared but the American pros, who giggled a lot and went away with various amounts of cash.

At St. Nom la Breteche, where the golf course sits below an ancient and charming clubhouse that once belonged to Louis the XIV's horses, the illustrious entrants put on quite a show for the 3,000 or so French spectators, shooting for the $17,000 first-place money—which came on top of the up-front money and all the first-class plane tickets and free hotels. Watson seized an early lead, and in the third round he, Trevino and Player made a bushel of birdies.

Trevino led by one stroke over Watson and Player going into the final round, and on Sunday he reeled off a 66 to win by five over the other two. But, in fact, they were all winners before they even went through French customs.

It was different on the outskirts of London, but only in degree. Tumba, the founder, and Montgomery, the organizer, were paying out some money, too. Each of the 24 Americans in the field of 100 was guaranteed $5,000, out of which had to come his expenses. Tumba thus was in hock for $120,000 in appearance money himself.

So the ultimate question was: Do you want 24 Americans with names ranging from Tom Weiskopf to Bobby Wadkins for $120,000, or do you want Watson, Trevino and Player for roughly the same amount?

Tumba's argument was that the European Open at least *looked* like a golf tournament, with ropes and fences and scorers and grandstands and tented villages and big crowds instead of an afternoon in the French countryside. In any case, Montgomery had picked a jolly good golf course for the inaugural European Open, Walton Heath, which is only a short way past Wimbledon on the Surrey route from London, is considered one of the two or three best "inland" courses in all of Britain. It played to a par of 73 and had multiple pot bunkers and multiple heather. And fittingly, it also had an upper-crust membership. One of the members was heard to remark that the Open was the *most* fascinating *thing* to happen at Walton Heath since Henry Cotton "went round with Denny Shute."

Tumba thought it was wonderful that Nicklaus showed up at Walton Heath for a day, shook some hands and granted a press conference, at which he commented on the rival Lancôme by saying, "What tournament? Oh, you mean that exhibition in Paris?"

The British press took a mildly acerbic view of Nicklaus' social appearance, if not his role on the "advisory board" of the Walton Heath tournament. "He thinks it's a great tournament," said one reporter, "but evidently not great enough for him to play in."

With Jack only spectating, or advising, the two biggest names in the field were Weiskopf and Ballesteros. One had a beard, and the other lost his clubs, and neither was a factor when the event came to an end in the fading light of England last Sunday evening. Weiskopf, who had grown his beard on a hunting trip, started out pretty well, then injured his wrist in the heather and shot an 81. He spent a lot of time trying to get a glass of ice water in the dining room of the Copthorne Hotel, where most of the players were headquartered.

Ballesteros' agent, Ed Barner, had asked for $8 billion in appearance money but had been refused. Sevvy came anyway. He then misplaced his clubs and had to borrow a set for the first round. When he found his own clubs in the locker of a Walton Heath member, he did worse. After two rounds, he was out of it, having missed the cut.

One had to wonder whether Ballesteros would have misplaced his golf clubs had he been at the Lancôme, to which he had been invited. But British PGA rules no longer permit anyone to play an event if it is up against one of its own. This has been called the "anti-McCormack rule" by some. At the Lancôme, the only cut you can miss is the one that comes when you discover that the Lafite-Rothschild has run out.

At the finish, the European Open was captured by one of the more lightly regarded of the Americans, Bobby Wadkins. Not Lanny. His brother Bobby. He had to fire a last-round 68 to tie Gil Morgan and Bernard Gallacher, making an eagle and two birdies in the last five holes to do it, and then he had to birdie the first sudden-death hole in the playoff. Thus the first European Open turned out to be a *real* sports event with a *fairly* dramatic conclusion.

But as to whether the future winner of European golf will be a Gaetan Mourgue d'Algue or a Sven Tumba, no conclusion was reached last week. Maybe we'll know more next year. European golf wasn't built in a day, you know. **END**



The Walton Heath scorers had a touch of class



FANCY FIGURES DOWN AT THE RINK

Plush facilities are in and the Roller Derby image is out as millions of Americans give roller skating a giant new push

by JULIA LAMB



Exemplifying the sport's new go-go image racers don't wear helmets lest fans associate them with that oldtime derby crowd





Showing stylish form in competition Curt Craton and Chris Johnson (left) and LaRhonda Nolan (below) hope to prove it's every bit as nice as on ice



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY TRAVER



Boy they really know how to hurt a guy in this doggone ol' sport

The strains of an old-fashioned waltz reverberate through the large hall. The handsome young couples, hand in hand, smile warmly at each other and glide effortlessly around the maple floor as if bliss were there in their hearts and wings on their feet. The organ music almost drowns out the roll and squeak of the skates as they go round and round and round. Ah, roller skating! Those golden moments from the '30s or '40s or '50s, those days when true love blossomed in drafty old rinks where the dust left a haze in the air and the rental skates never fit.

Well, yes and no. It is roller skating all right, but the scene has changed. Those elegant couples whirling and turning in Pershing Auditorium in Lincoln, Neb., last August were senior dance finalists at the 41st annual U.S. Amateur Roller Skating Championships. Their skates cost some $300 a pair and the smiles on their faces did not necessarily reflect what was in their hearts.

During the finals for 10- and 11-year-old elementary kids, for example, four couples wheeled around in the Denver Shuffle, one of three required steps. The beautifully costumed children, perfectly made up, with every hair sprayed into place, moved with the precision of automatons, backs

continued

arched, chins up, superficial grins locked in. They had the look of actors in a silent movie, or couples on an antique valentine. But at the end of the Denver Shuffle, the pair representing a California club skated quickly to the sidelines, where the boy threw up over the protective barrier. Then, chins back up, they skated off for the next step.

The dancers were among 1,700 skaters, ranging in age from eight to the mid-40s, who were competing for 75 national titles in dance, freestyle, figure (or "artistic") and speed skating. All of the finalists in the 10-day meet were survivors of an original horde of 26,000 registered amateur competitive skaters who had appeared in elimination meets held around the country. The 26,000, in turn, make up the competitive hard core of an estimated 22 million Americans who roller skate.

Since its glory days in the '30s, skating has suffered its boom and bust. During the Depression, folks flocked to the rinks; skating was entertainment they could afford and in 1937 Detroit hosted the first national roller skating championships. But as the economy revived, roller skating declined. A brief resurgence followed World War II, but that, too, soon faded, and as the middle class drifted from cities to the new suburbs, many of the aging rinks took on a seedy, even sinister air. They became the sort of place mother told you to stay away from. In the past 10 years, however, things have changed again. Today, skaters are found in ever increasing numbers all across the country: wheeling along the beachfront sidewalks of Venice, Calif., playing roller hockey in the streets of New York, dancing at a roller disco in Chicago.

But what really set the wheels spinning at the nationals was the news that, for the first time, roller skating will be a full-fledged sport at next year's Pan-American Games, and from the winners at Lincoln would come the U.S. Pan-Am team. Those who had toiled in the dusty barns of oldtime skating were catching a glimpse of a lifetime dream. And with Olympic recognition expected—some spoke hopefully of the 1988 Games—there would come at last the acceptance and respectability that roller skaters have long struggled for.

To an extent, they have already succeeded. Certainly, if competitive skating were not pretty well established, 12-year-old Trisha Hiller, who scored a remarkable double by winning both the elementary girls' freestyle title and the elementary speed-skating crown at Lincoln, would not be spending three to four hours a day practicing at her rink in Orange, Calif. She has been skating competitively since she was seven, or shortly after her mother, searching for something they could do together, took her to a local rink. Six months later Trisha won her regional class meet in freestyle. "I'm a natural," she says.

One hopes so, because Jean Hiller, Trisha's mother, who works in a bank, also holds a second job at Trisha's rink to pay for her daughter's lessons and skates. Mrs. Hiller, a divorcee, has even moved and twice switched jobs to get better coaching for Trisha.

"My whole life is built around her skating," she says. However, in spite of the second job, the financial burden of keeping her daughter in trophies is almost more than she can bear. Expenses for a top artistic skater run around $2,000 a year, but Trisha is also a speed champion. Artistic skates cost $200 a pair, a set of speed wheels at least $45. The Hillers' expenses to and in Lincoln added another $1,000. But for Jean Hiller, it's well worth it. "I just know that I've got a champion artistic skater in Trish," she says, adding that her daughter will only be 22 when—and if—roller skating arrives at the 1988 Olympics.

Another outstanding competitor at Lincoln was 21-year-old Natalie Dunn, the reigning world ladies champion from Bakersfield, Calif., who has won nine national titles during her 20-year skating career. She rolled out before the crowd of 6,000 for the freestyle portion of the International Senior Ladies Championship dressed in a black costume trimmed with red, her hair done in the obligatory Dorothy Hamill wedge. Dunn started shakily, and then, as the audience gasped, fell

continued

Representing Pontiac, Michigan's Rolladium Club, finalist Kimberly Campbell gives it a whirl





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with a bruising crash on one of her first jumps. But she picked herself up to continue the four-minute program, twirling through 16 jumps and three spins, including the difficult triple Salchow, plus assorted camels, loops and Mapes. These are many of the same maneuvers performed by figure skaters on ice, but Dunn executed them with eight pounds of roller skates on her feet, an encumbrance that limited the height of her leaps and sent a jarring thunk through the hall whenever she landed. The thunks and klunks notwithstanding, it was a graceful, sometimes breathtaking, exhibition of strength, timing and style, and it won another national title for Dunn, plus a trip to Lisbon to defend her world crown.

Then along came Chris Snyder of Dallas, the defending senior men's national champion, crouching on the maple floor at the starting line of the 3,000-meter speed-skating race, one of four events that make up the men's overall title. Snyder had been "thoroughly embarrassed" by his poor showing in elimination races, but hoped to regain face in the 3,000. "I thought I wouldn't have any problem here," he said. "Maybe I'm trying too hard."

At the gun, the eight finalists started down the straightaway of the 100-meter oval course, arms pumping, and the clatter rose to thunder as they ran on the toe stops of their heavy skates to gain momentum. They wheeled in single file around the first turn, inches apart, bent low, skates squealing and scraping as they maneuvered to make the turn. Occasionally, one would pull out of the tight line and slip in front of another; then the ranks would close and the pack would enter the next turn. The crowd, somewhat scruffier and definitely noisier than that at the artistic events, cheered and whistled at every change of position, while a gaggle of referees skated in the infield, trying to maintain law and order among the racers.

With 17 of the 30 laps to go, Snyder slipped into the lead, and the audience went wild. Though he was challenged continually, Snyder held position until, with only four laps remaining, Tom Peterson of Tacoma, Wash. whipped to the front. Again and again Snyder tried to regain the lead, but Peterson wouldn't give way. At the line it was Peterson in a record 5:53.7, followed by Snyder, which was the same way they finished in the point standings for the overall title.

Speed skating is no game of Parcheesi. Though six to 10 referees patrol the course to keep down the pushing, shoving, elbowing and tripping, things can get pretty rough. One afternoon a 7-year-old primary class boy tripped over his own skates at the end of a race, fell and broke an arm. The same day, two freshman girls collided. One suffered a possible concussion, the other was carried out with an arm in a sling. Three heats later, two senior men tangled on a turn and one left the floor on a stretcher. And nearly everyone got bruises and floor burns.

"Speed skating is a contact sport," says Elmer Ringeisen, the meet director and a rink operator in San Diego, "and, as in all contact sports, there's bound to be some injuries."

The obvious reference to the Roller Derby at this point sends shudders through even the sturdiest member of the Roller Skating Rink Operators Association. The tough and bloody derbies are what most Americans picture when roller skating is mentioned; the derbies and the sport's crumbling old rinks, full of teen-age punks in ducktails and leather jackets. The RSROA wages a constant battle against these "negative" images. For instance, despite numerous head injuries, helmets are not required in speed skating. According to an industry release, "... helmets give an appearance of Roller Derby, which the roller skating industry has been battling for years...." Moreover, speed skating is downplayed at the nationals and in rinks around the country, at least in part because operators fear the derby image, and think speed may attract too tough a clientele. Dance and figure skating are considered more high-toned, suburban, middle-class—all the qualities that the roller skating folk have striven for over the past few years.

Ten years ago, when roller skating was languishing, the RSROA had a membership of only 500 rinks around the country, many of them run-down facilities located in decaying inner cities. Even the rink operators' headquarters was located in downtown Detroit. When the race riots hit that city in 1967, the RSROA decided to look for greener—and safer—pastures. They were found on the edge of Lincoln, in a suburban-cum-rural atmosphere redolent of clean living and fresh air. Today, the large, modern headquarters building is surrounded by expensive housing, with a cornfield only a block away. The facility boasts a four-tiered fountain in a courtyard and a plaque in the lobby that reads: DEDICATED TO THE OWNERS OF ROLLER SKATING RINKS WHO HAVE INVESTED THEIR RESOURCES AND TALENTS IN THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA HOPING FOR A FUTURE NATIONAL COMMUNITY CHARACTERIZED BY A LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY AND A RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER.

Since the move to Lincoln in 1968, RSROA membership has tripled to 1,575 rinks. In addition, as the organization proudly points out, two-thirds of those rinks have been built since 1970. From California to Maine, towns and suburbs have sprouted Rolladiums, Rollerways, Roller Kings, Rollercades, Rollerdromes, Rolleramas, Rollereos, Roller Gardens, Roller Ranches, Roller Townes, Roller Cities, Rollerlands and Roller Worlds (not to mention Skate Aways, Skate Palaces and Skate-adiums).

These are not the dirty, noisy structures of the past. The skating surfaces are gleaming plastic, some luminous, like the ice that so many wheeled competitors envy. The new floors and the plastic wheels that have replaced wood and metal are not only more attractive and efficient, but they also have considerably lowered the sound level. Now the worst a skater's ears must contend with is the pounding music from expensive sound systems. Multicolored carpeting is everywhere; plastic is hot, even on the walls. Dropped ceilings, bright lights, pro shops, snack bars, game rooms, club rooms—all give the typical new rink a safe and friendly atmosphere. Some of the new facilities even have themes. A rink in Downey, Calif. has installed a silver-blue skating surface that resembles a pond. The carpeting is AstroTurf, and 16 plastic weeping willows dotted with lights and chirping songbirds line the walls. There are park benches to rest on, and the floor guards are dressed like forest rangers. All is bright, clean, well-supervised—the kind of surroundings that most of the young skaters at Lincoln are familiar with.

Despite all the cosmetics, there is grumbling in skateland. The difficulty can be partly attributed to growing pains. Though competitive roller skating is officially controlled by the U.S. Amateur Confederation of Roller Skating, that group is actually little more than an arm of the RSROA. USAC is housed in the rink operators' headquarters in Lincoln,

continued

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and many of the directors on the governing board are also rink operators. Even the USAC's finances are under RSROA scrutiny; George Pickard, executive director of the operators' group, is also the executive secretary of the USAC. Pickard acknowledged this close relationship when, at an awards ceremony during the championships, he declared that roller skating "has a special blend of amateurs and professionals." Some might find the blend a little too special.

For example, besides his second-place finish in the men's senior competition at Lincoln, Chris Snyder took a fourth at the recent world speed meet in Argentina, the best finish by an American in years. He accomplished this feat even though the U.S. does not have a single 200-meter outdoor track of the kind used in Europe and at world championships. To train for the meet, Snyder arose every morning at 4.30, skated seven miles through the dark streets of Dallas to his job as a hotel bellman, put in an hour or so of weight training during work breaks, then skated the seven miles home. All of the top speed-skating countries—Italy, Germany, Spain, France, New Zealand—have 200-meter tracks, most of them municipal or state operations. Why doesn't the U.S., a country well known for its fine sports facilities, have even one regular size track? Snyder has one answer. "The operators run the skating business," he says, "and they aren't likely to build an outdoor rink that might lose them indoor money." So the U.S. remains an also-ran at international meets, and Chris Snyder skates alone through the streets of Dallas. There is a change in the wind, however. The RSROA points out that next year it will assist in the construction of the 200-meter Pan-Am course in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

But at the moment, competitive roller skating finds itself in the peculiar position of being an amateur sport conducted almost exclusively in private facilities owned or managed by professionals. Not that rink operators are a villainous lot out to sabotage poor amateurs; many owners are former skaters who taught skating before they bought their rinks. But uncomfortable situations can arise. According to some disgruntled speed skaters, the emphasis placed on dance, freestyle and figure competition can be attributed, at least in part, to the fact that artistic skating requires many more individual lessons at $12 to $18 an hour, while speed skating can be taught in groups for a mere $2 an hour. Art brings more money to a rink, claim the speedsters, and that is why operators like it. The controversy continues.

Leave them to it. Unless you are a competitor, why not just lace up your skates (try the ones with the $85 Fan Jet Sprint Wheels with the Swiss-cheese compound), pull out all the stops on the electric Wurlitzer and, for old times' sake, take a couple of turns around the green plastic floor to *Shine on, Harvest Moon*. Roller skating is alive and well and thriving in Lincoln, Neb.; Bakersfield, Calif.; Flint, Mich.; Tacoma, Wash.; East Meadow, N.Y.; Austin, Texas.... **END**



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Shutting down William and Mary Quarterback Tom Rozantz (14), the Middies got a third shutout

The Navy's destroyers

Though the Midshipmen have no dreadnoughts, they are tops in the defense department. They have some guns on offense, too, as witness their 6–0 record

Call them the Buckshot Brigade, because none of them is very big and they all try to drop rival ballcarriers at the same time, preferably while traveling at maximum speed. And so far this patchwork crew of walk-ons and ex-quarterbacks, of former running backs and inexperienced reserves, has been deadly effective. According to the NCAA statistics, Navy has the best defensive unit in college football.

The latest victim was William and Mary, which lost 9–0 last Saturday at Annapolis. It was Navy's sixth straight victory, and the third shutout. The last time the Middies got this far into a season without a loss was in 1960, when a bumblebee of a halfback named Joe Bellino was buzzing his way toward the Heisman Trophy. And a Navy team has not had this many shutouts in a season since 1955. Since then, other people's offenses have fattened their statistics on the Middies. In the last 10 years, Navy has had nine losing seasons and given up an average of more than 24 points a game.

Even Coach George Welsh, who quarterbacked that 1955 team, admits he is mystified as to why his young and relatively undersized club has suddenly become such a monster on defense. "It must be chemistry," he finally decided the day before the William and Mary game. "There are no superstars. Just 11 guys working well together as a unit and always giving 110%." Then he added, "And to be realistic, the schedule hasn't hurt us any."

Only once in the dismal last decade has Navy advanced this far into a season without having been badly mauled by the likes of Michigan, Penn State or Texas. The lone exception was 1975, when Navy went 7–4. Because Navy doesn't draw well at home, it has had to play a majority of its games on the road. "What we need is 5,000 more hard-core fans," Welsh says. "If we had a better following, we could play more at home, and we'd win more. Traveling the way we do wears a team down." Indeed, last season Navy was 5–1 at home, 0–5 away.

In one respect, this season has been no different, because Navy's first four games were on the road. But there were no Top-20 teams among those four opponents, only Virginia, which the Middies beat 32–0, Connecticut (30–0), Boston College (19–8) and Air Force (37–8).

The schedule has given Welsh, who juggled and rejuggled his defense during workouts last spring, time to find its weaknesses and to correct them. The main problem was the secondary, where only Gregg Milo, the 197-pound junior rover, was a returning starter. "You're the leader," Welsh told him. Milo found himself leading Safety Fred Heitzel, last year's No. 3 quarterback, Cornerback Bob Wilson, a converted running back, and Chuck Zingler, a reserve who had not played enough to earn a letter.

Wilson, 6′ 1″ and 190 pounds, was a walk-on who, like Defensive Ends Charlie Thornton (6′, 202) and Mark Stephens (6′, 210) and Middle Guard A. B. Miller (6′ 1″, 219), had to beg the plebe coach in 1975 to give him a tryout.

"He told me to go away," Wilson says, "but I wouldn't. Finally he gave me a uniform. He didn't expect me to do anything with it. He said I was too small and too slow. The guy is gone now, but I guess I've spent the last four years proving he was wrong." Another plebe coach told Thornton, Stephens and Miller pretty much the same thing, but they too persisted.

Welsh is happy that his four walk-on defensemen were so stubborn. "We don't recruit that many blue-chippers," he says. "We need people like them to surprise us every year."

Welsh has not been surprised by his offense. He knew Navy could score, by land or by air or by Bob Tata, a mite at 5′ 6″ and 152 pounds, but a mighty large threat when he swings his right leg anywhere inside the 40-yard line. Tata is the second-leading scorer in Navy history—142 points to Bellino's 198—and holds or has equaled seven Middie kicking records. That's not bad for a guy who showed up at the Academy almost by accident.

"I signed a letter of intent to go to William and Mary," says Tata. "I'd always watched the Army-Navy games on TV,

continued

but I just thought Army got up a team, Navy got up a team, and they played. Then Navy recruited me. I thought, 'You mean I can play on TV, and I can get paid to go to school? Where do I sign?' "

A Tata miss, the 12th in 38 career field-goal attempts, occurred in the first half against William and Mary, which had come into the game at least a two-touchdown underdog. The week before, in its first home game this season, Navy had romped over Duke 31–8 to gain the No. 17 ranking in the AP poll. But William and Mary, with a 4–1–1 record, was not overawed.

"For them we're the big game on their schedule, and they're always up for us," Welsh said before the game. "And this is exam week at the Academy and the kids are tired. Traditionally it's been a poor week for Navy football."

Tradition was maintained. William and Mary, led by Quarterback Tom Rozantz and a platoon of solid runners, hammered away at the Middies, who have not been behind in a game this season. "I want to find out how they react when they are behind," Welsh had said.

Late in the second quarter he almost found out. From the Navy 10, Rozantz lofted a pass that Ed Schiefelbein caught two yards deep in the end zone for an apparent score. But the officials had spied an ineligible receiver downfield and called the touchdown back. The William and Mary threat died a few moments later with a missed field-goal attempt. Navy then drove down to the Indian 30, and Tata failed to convert a 46-yarder into the wind.

Split End Phil McConkey, Navy's only All-America candidate, gave Tata another chance in the third quarter. Last year McConkey led Navy receivers with 34 catches for 596 yards and four touchdowns, and he was No. 3 in the country in punt returns with a 13.5 average. Midway through the third period, McConkey fielded a punt at his 39, spun out of the arms of one tackler, fell in behind a wall of blockers and raced 46 yards to the William and Mary 15. Four plays later Tata drilled home a 27-yarder to put Navy ahead 3–0. In the fourth quarter, Navy's attack finally shook off its exam blues and began to move. Mostly it was Steve Callahan, a speedster who has given Navy an outside threat, who exploited the tiring William and Mary defense. Four Callahan runs picked up 23 yards, and a surprise Callahan pass, a 16-yard toss to Tight End Curt Gainer, brought the ball to the William and Mary 33.

"Thirty-five," Quarterback Bob Leszczynski called in the Navy huddle. This play is a dive with a cutback by Fullback Larry Klawinski, who found a crack on the right side, followed blocks by McConkey and Gainer, spun away from one tackler at the five and carried William and Mary's Paul Tyner into the end zone with him. A Navy try for a two-point conversion failed, and the score remained 9–0 until the final gun.

Any chance William and Mary had ended when Middie punter Art Ohanian dropped a 50-yard kick dead on the Indian five with 1:00 left to play. With eight seconds remaining, Zingler got his third interception of the day.

And now it is time for Navy to get serious. The big boys are coming in for a crack at the No. 1 defense. It will be Pitt this Saturday, followed by Notre Dame, Syracuse, Florida State and Army.

"Now," said Tata, "I guess we'll find out if we are just a flash in the pan."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST On scoreboards across the nation there was ample evidence that college football was continuing its trend toward wide-open, try-anything offenses. In contests involving at least one Division I-A team, points per game so far this season average 39.8, and if the point production goes up as the season goes on, as is usually the case, the NCAA foresees this as being the fourth-best scoring year in its history.

A major reason for the upswing is an increase in passing yardage. Last season's per-game average of 269 yards through the air was a 22.1-yard improvement over 1976 and the biggest such gain since 1958. This season's average is up to 271.

Steve Dils of Stanford has helped boost both the scoring and through-the-air figures. Dils was a jayvee quarterback as a freshman in 1974, was redshirted the next season, was in on one play in '76 and sat out all but two games last year when he played behind Guy Benjamin. Now in control of Coach Bill Walsh's aerial circus, Dils has been passing with metronomelike consistency and leads the country with 171 completions in 264 tries (.647), 1,972 yards and 16 touchdowns.

Five of Dils' scoring strikes came last week as Stanford romped 43–27 at Washington State. Altogether, Dils passed for 430 yards. That broke the Pac-10 single-game record and Dils' total offense of 438 yards surpassed the conference record of 416 set in 1969 by Jim Plunkett. Even when in a pickle, Dils came through. Once when he was about to be sacked, he simply underhanded the ball to Fullback Phil Francis, who picked up 14 yards.

Augmenting the attack was the running of 5'9", 170-pound Darrin Nelson who, although only a sophomore, became the Cardinals' all-time rushing leader. Nelson's 95 yards in 15 carries brought his season yardage total to 725, his career yardage to 1,794. He also has caught 88 passes in less than two full seasons for 860 additional yards.

Almost lost in the flurry of Stanford statistics were the deeds of State's Jack Thompson. The Throwin' Samoan earned some fine numbers of his own: 24 completions in 34 tries for 274 yards and two touchdowns. Together, the two teams amassed a staggering 1,133 yards in total offense.

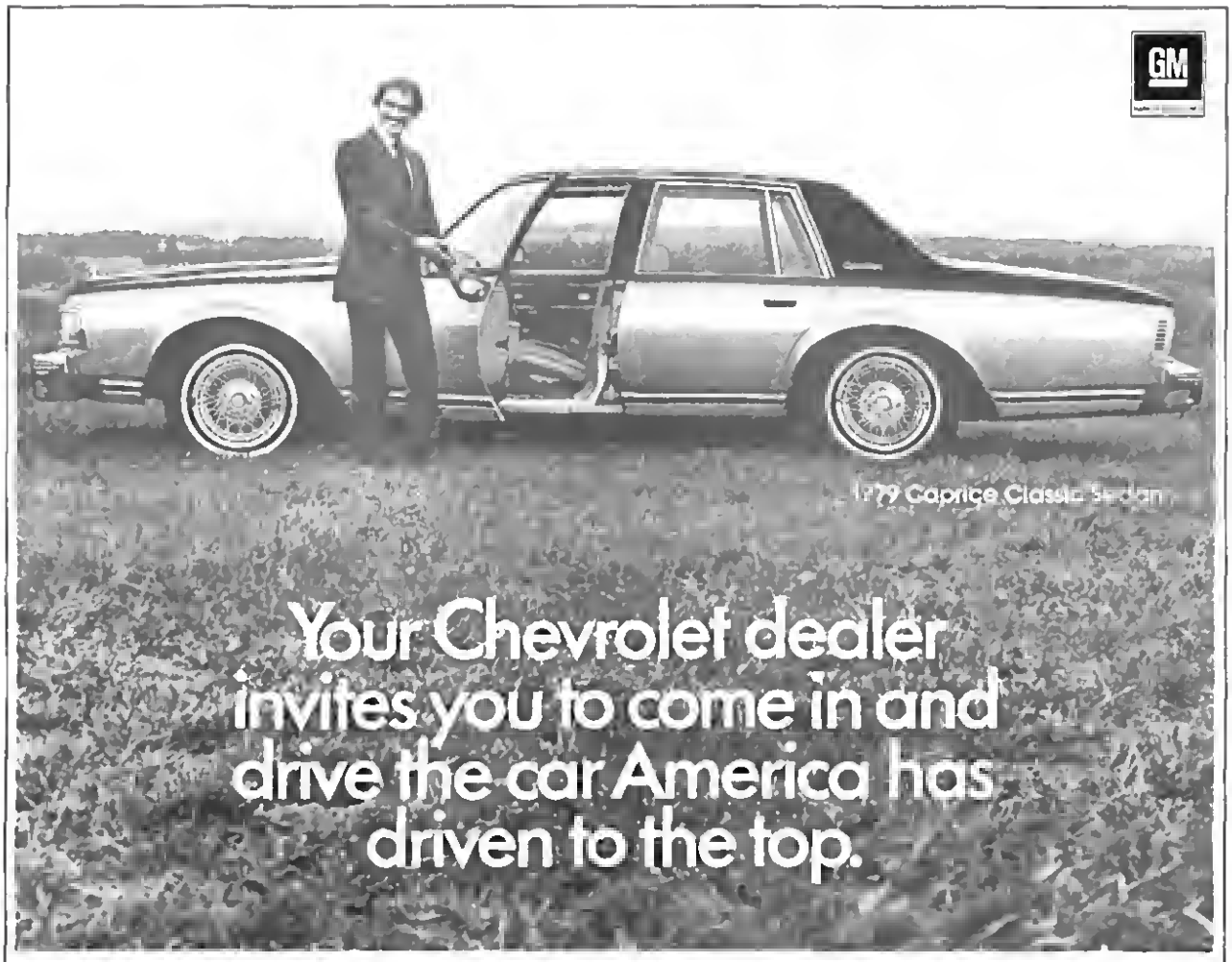
Despite outgaining UCLA 241 yards to 18 through the air, California failed to score. The flaw in the Golden Bears' aerial assault (they completed 23 of 52 passes) was 10 interceptions, a Pac-10 record. Substitute Cornerback Brian Baggott stole two of those passes and returned each for a touchdown, weaving 61 and 62 yards. Baggott's first score was part of a 28-point second-period spree that helped the Bruins salt away a 45–0 victory that left them atop the conference with a 4–0 record.

Oregon State felt its best chance for springing an upset at Southern California was to hammer away at whoever was serving as the Trojan center. Having lost its first four centers via injuries, USC did, indeed, seem vulnerable. No. 5 was Ray Peters, a converted nose guard who had never played over the ball until forced to do so the week before at Arizona State, where USC was toppled from the unbeaten ranks. To prepare for Oregon State, Peters "worked every minute I could from eight in the morning until midnight" with Quarterback Paul McDonald. So well did Peters do his jobs of snapping and blocking that he was awarded the game ball after the Trojans had whipped the Beavers 38–7. With the aid of Peters' blocks, USC rushed for 350 yards, 154 of them by Charles White, who carried 22 times and scored on runs of 41 and 14 yards.

Washington Coach Don James said sophomore Fullback Toussaint Tyler would get his first starting assignment when Oregon came to town, and so he did. And gained 151 yards. The most impressive of Tyler's 17 carries was a 55-yard scoring run that topped off the Huskies' 20–14 victory. Added to that were 37- and 40-yard field goals by Mike Lansford, and the running of Joe Steele, who gained 126 yards and scored on a 16-yard gallop.

With Jerome Heavens running for 101 yards and Vagas Ferguson for 96, and with Joe Montana passing for 213, Notre Dame

continued



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was an easy 38–15 winner at Air Force. Dave Ziebart and Jim Aaron of the Falcons hit on 26 of their 42 passes for 236 yards, but the Irish rolled up 491 yards in total offense as Montana scored on two short runs and passed for two other touchdowns.

Texas-El Paso Coach Bill Michael, noting that the teams that had done well against Brigham Young were those that had taken away the pass, adopted the same strategy. What he did not know was that BYU Coach LaVell Edwards was disenchanted with his team's passing and that he was going to put more emphasis on running. Given running room, the Cougars, who had been averaging 128 yards a game on the ground, rushed for 202 as they beat the Miners 44–0. That kept BYU in first place in the WAC with a 3–0 mark. Wyoming (2–1) beat Utah 34–21. San Diego State and New Mexico won, the Aztecs topping Pacific 31–28 and the Lobos trimming New Mexico State 35–20 as Mike Williams ran for 173 yards.

Undefeated Montana State moved half a game ahead of Northern Arizona in the Big Sky. The Bobcats beat Idaho 57–21 while the Lumberjacks were shocked 33–6 in an out-of-conference game at Northern Colorado.

1.UCLA (6–1)
2.ARIZONA STATE (5–1) 3.USC (5–1)

MIDWEST Offense not only is opening up but moving up in total yardage to 647 a game so far, a rise of 24 yards over the same point last season. Three Big Eight squads did their bit toward that boost last week, Nebraska gaining 641 yards, Oklahoma 510 and Missouri 474. A length-of-the-field kickoff return by Howard Ballage helped Colorado go in at halftime with a 14–14 tie with Nebraska. From there on, though, the Huskers were almost unstoppable, piling up 425 yards in the second half and winning 52–14. Although nursing a sore ankle, Billy Sims ran for 178 yards in the first half and for 231 in all as top-ranked Oklahoma walloped Iowa State 34–6. Led by Phil Bradley's two touchdown passes to Kellen Winslow, and Earl Gant's scoring runs of nine and 71 yards, Missouri knocked off Kansas State 56–14. In another Big Eight game, Oklahoma State topped Kansas 21–7.

A record Wisconsin crowd of 80,024 showed up to see if the Badgers were for real and if they could continue to challenge for the Big Ten lead. They were not and they did not. The previously unbeaten Badgers fumbled twice in the first seven minutes and Michigan recovered both on the way to a 42–0 romp. The Wolverines piled up 477 yards in total offense, with Rick Leach scoring twice and connecting with Ralph Clayton on a 65-yard touchdown pass.

Michigan State indicated that *it* might be for real, following up the previous week's upset of Michigan by stinging Indiana 49–14. The Spartans rolled up 644 yards, 369 of them (a Big Ten record) coming as Ed Smith completed 20 of 30 passes.

Ohio State scored all its points in the first half, Iowa all of its in the second half at Columbus. It was no contest, though, as the Buckeyes got a 78-yard Art Schlichter-to-Doug Donley scoring pass while breezing 31–7. Holding first place was Purdue (3–0), which featured its running attack rather than the usual barrage of passes while flattening Illinois 13–0. John Macon ran 126 yards and Russell Pope 118 for the Boilermakers, and Mark Herrmann kept the Illini guessing by hitting on 15 of 24 passes for 116 yards. Northwestern remained winless, losing at home to Minnesota 38–14.

Western Michigan kept its Mid-American hopes aglow, whomping Eastern Michigan 32–0 as Jerome Persell ran for 107 yards and went over 1,000 yards for the third consecutive season. That kept the Broncos (5–1 in the conference) right on the heels of Ball State (4–0). The Cardinals hung a 14–7 loss on independent Illinois State, which is 0–7 this season and has been outscored 223–61. Bowling Green, which was leading the nation with an average total offense of 497 yards a game, had its title aspirations jarred at Miami of Ohio, where the Falcons were held to 232 yards and lost 18–7.

Joe Williams put the final touch on Wichita State's 33–7 conquest of Southern Illinois, booting a 67-yard field goal. That tied the record held by Steve Little of Arkansas and Russell Erxleben of Texas for the longest field goal in NCAA history. The Shockers' win tied them with Drake and New Mexico State for the Missouri Valley lead. Indiana State missed a chance to join the deadlock, losing 36–7 to West Texas State, which got 171 yards rushing from David Johnson and 113 from Larry Thompson. Tulsa hung on to defeat outsider Cincinnati 27–26.

1.OKLAHOMA (7–0)
2.NEBRASKA (6–1) 3.MICHIGAN (5–1)

SOUTHWEST While Texas was handing Arkansas its first setback and Houston was beating Southern Methodist (*page 32*), Baylor and Texas Tech savored other Southwest Conference triumphs. Victory was particularly sweet for the Bears, who had dropped their first five games by a total of 21 points. They beat Texas A&M largely because of a bomb, the powerful running of freshman Walter Abercrombie and the punting of Luke Prestridge.

The bomb came on the second play of the game, a no-huddle maneuver in which the Bears caught the Aggies flat-footed. Robert Holt got wide open on the play, latched on to a pass from Steve Smith and turned it into a 78-yard scoring play. A pair of Aggie field goals left Baylor ahead 7–6 at halftime.

Shortly before the intermission, Abercrombie, who started the season as a fourth-team fullback, made his debut for the Bears and gained 23 yards. That was merely a teaser for what he was going to do. During an 80-yard, third-period touchdown drive, Abercrombie ran 11 times for 65 yards. Then in the fourth quarter he got off a 42-yard run to set up a field goal and finally broke loose for a 64-yard scamper to line up Baylor's final touchdown in its 24–6 win at College Station. When done, Abercrombie had established a team record by gaining 207 yards in 19 carries. Prestridge kept the Aggies in the hole by averaging 54.8 yards on six punts, including two that traveled 70 and 77 yards.

Texas Tech also won its first SWC game, zapping Rice 42–28 in Houston. The Owls poured across 22 points in the final period, but could not catch the Red Raiders. Two touchdown runs and a scoring pass reception by James Hadnot, and Alan Swann's 82-yard interception return for another six-pointer kept Tech comfortably in front.

Grambling moved into first place in the Southwestern Conference by knocking Jackson State off the unbeaten list, 13–7. Starting the Tigers on their way to victory was a 95-yard kickoff return by Greg Wilson.

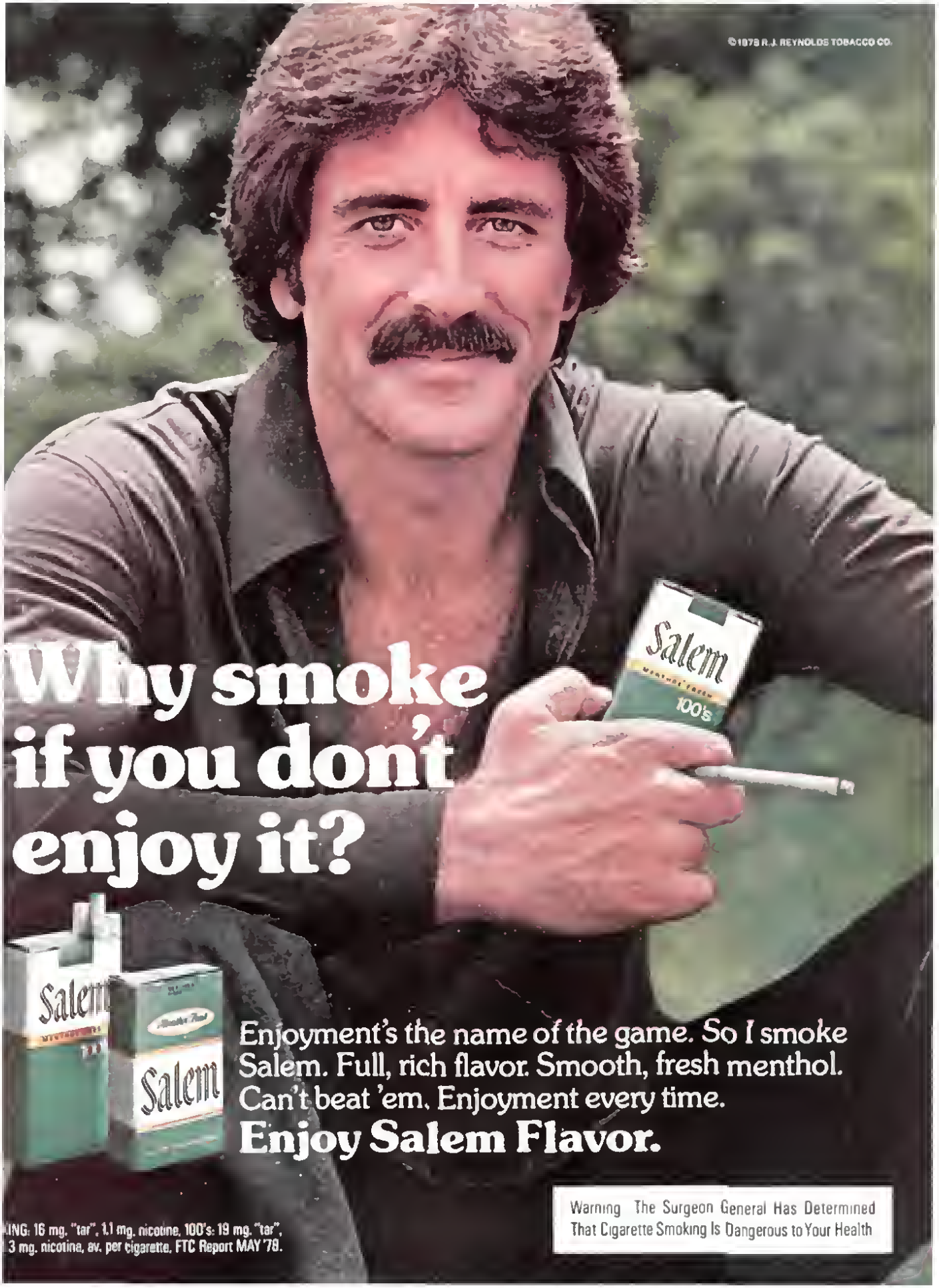
1.TEXAS (5–1)
2.ARKANSAS (4–1) 3.HOUSTON (5–1)

EAST "I was embarrassed to throw the ball as much as we did in the second half," said Penn State Coach Joe Paterno after a 45–15 rout of Syracuse. "But the way they were stacking and plugging, there was no way we could run. Syracuse had to make up its mind whether to stop the run or the pass and they decided on the run."

The Orangemen did an effective job of bottling up the Nittany Lion running game, yielding 152 yards in 48 cracks, but they could not stop Matt Bahr or Chuck Fusina. Bahr, the nation's No. 1 field-goal kicker, made good on his 15th three-pointer in 19 attempts this season when he booted one from 50 yards out. Fusina completed 15 of 27 passes for 293 yards and four touchdowns. Two of his scoring throws were hauled in by Scott Fitzkee, who switched from his normal split-end position to tight end and caught four passes for 112 yards. With Bill Hurley injured and unable to quarterback the team, the Orangemen had to rely on Dave Jacobs for much of their scoring. Jacobs kicked three field goals (of 29, 25 and 33 yards) to bring his career total to 46.

It was a defensive struggle when Florida State squared off against Pittsburgh. The Seminoles pounced on a Panther fumble at the Pitt 27 in the first quarter but were unable to move the ball, and then missed a 21-yard field goal. A 50-yard drive, the longest of the game by either team, was climaxed when Pitt's Freddie Jacobs dashed 13 yards for a touchdown. Pitt made its 7–3 advantage stand

continued


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up as its defense repeatedly held, including twice in the fourth quarter when the Seminoles had first downs inside the Panther 25-yard line.

Two touchdown passes by Mark Whipple led Brown to a 21–13 victory at Cornell and put the Bears (3–1) in first place in the Ivy League. Three second-half touchdowns gave Harvard its first Ivy win and Dartmouth (2–1) its first league loss by a score of 24–19. Columbia (2–1–1 overall) continued to prove it is no longer a doormat with a 3–3 standoff at the Yale Bowl. Both nonleague contests were one-point affairs, Princeton defeating Colgate 13–12 and Penn losing to Lafayette 20–19.

Temple rallied for a 28–27 win over West Virginia. The Owls, who had been down 21–14, went in front with two touchdowns in the fourth period and then had to stop the Mountaineers' two-point conversion try in the last minute to stay on top.

1.PENN STATE (7–0)
2.PITTSBURGH (5–1) 3.NAVY (6–0)

SOUTH Every Friday night during Homecoming Week, Florida holds a Gator Growl, a mixture of skits and buffoonery along with a traditional pep rally. Last Friday the butt of much of the humor was the Gators' own coach, Doug Dickey, who was so perturbed by it all that he refused to introduce his team to the crowd when it came time to do so. The Growl left Dickey and his players snarling, but they had the last laugh as they throttled Army 31–7. "It [the Growl] made us mad," said John Brantley, who uncorked scoring passes of 18, 44 and 18 yards to Cris Collinsworth.

Auburn's Tigers were angry, too, still seething over what they felt were Georgia Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers' efforts to run up the score against them last year when the Yellow Jackets won 38–21. "They were mad, but getting mad doesn't win ball games," Rodgers said. "If it did, I would be undefeated." As it turned out, Rodgers' squad notched its fifth straight win, 24–10, since dropping its first two. Eddie Lee Ivery gave Auburn fits, rushing 26 times for 127 yards and throwing a 17-yard touchdown pass. Split End Drew Hill added to the Tigers' frustration with a 97-yard kickoff return for six points and by scoring on a 32-yard pass from freshman Mike Kelley.

Georgia and Alabama remained tied for the Southeastern Conference lead, the Bulldogs battering Vanderbilt 31–10 and the Tide winning 30–17 at Tennessee. For the sixth game in a row, Willie McClendon of Georgia rushed for more than 100 yards, this time ripping off 155 yards and scoring twice. Alabama, which had outscored its opponents 41–7 in the third quarter this season, kept up the pace. This time the Tide scored 17 points in the third period while blanking the Vols. Tight End Tim Travis scored on runs of four and nine yards after going wide to take pitchouts, and for the first time this year the Tide did not have to come from behind.

Louisiana State stayed a game behind the leaders with a 21–0 win at Kentucky. The Wildcats limited Charles Alexander to 64 yards in 23 carries, but he caught them off guard when he grabbed a pass from David Woodley and went down the sideline on a 44-yard scoring play. Kentucky lost two of seven fumbles and was intercepted four times.

Like LSU, Maryland took advantage of turnovers, seven of them, while registering a shutout. The Terrapins' 39–0 drubbing of Wake Forest kept them in the Atlantic Coast Conference's No. 1 spot and as one of the four NCAA Division I-A unbeatens. Despite being held to minus three yards on his first eight rushes, Steve Atkins of the Terps wound up over the 100-yard mark for the seventh straight time, finishing with 104 yards and two touchdowns.

North Carolina State's Ted Brown became the sixth NCAA player to rush for 4,000 career yards, joining Tony Dorsett, Archie Griffin, Ed Marinaro, Terry Miller and Earl Campbell. Playing at Chapel Hill, where State dispatched North Carolina with surprising ease, 34–7, Brown ran for 189 yards in 36 tries. The 199-pound senior tore through the Tar Heels on touchdown runs of one, 33 and 10 yards while bringing his rushing yardage up to 4,135.

In another ACC confrontation, Clemson scored in every period while downing Duke 28–8. "I'm really unaccustomed to this," said Coach Dick Bestwick after his fifth victory in three seasons at Virginia. His Cavaliers scored a pair of fourth-quarter touchdowns to overcome Virginia Tech 17–7 in a nonconference skirmish.

In another surprise, Joe Adams, who is nicknamed "747 Come Fly With Me," propelled Tennessee State to a 24–21 upset at Florida A&M. With Adams hitting on 13 consecutive passes, the Tigers soared to a 17–0 halftime lead and then hung on as the Rattlers roared back to break major-college football's longest winning streak at 17.

South Carolina beat Mississippi 18–17. Garry Harper and Horace Smith combined on an 80-yard scoring pass for the Gamecocks with nine seconds left, and then Harper passed to Zion McKinney for a game-deciding two-point conversion. Another independent, Miami, was also a winner. Gene Coleman's interception of a two-point conversion pass enabled the Hurricanes to edge Utah State 17–16. Ottis Anderson broke loose on two spectacular scoring runs for the Hurricanes, returning a kickoff 100 yards and later zipping 53 yards on a running play. Louisville stopped Boston University, 35–7, at home, but three visiting teams were winners, Texas Christian 13–7 at Tulane, Southern Mississippi 13–10 at Memphis State and Lehigh 14–10 at VMI. The Engineers, down 10–0 in the second period, pulled the game out when Steve Kreider made a pair of dazzling touchdown catches on passes from Rich Andres, the second of those receptions being an over-the-shoulder, one-handed grab in the corner of the end zone.

In a scramble for the Ohio Valley lead, Kavin McGrath of Western Kentucky missed a 32-yard field goal with 11 seconds to go, leaving Eastern Kentucky narrowly, but seemingly safely, ahead, 16–14. Eastern, though, was penalized for roughing the kicker. That gave McGrath another chance with four seconds left on the clock and this time his 25-yarder went between the uprights. McGrath's boot dumped Eastern into second place and put the Hilltoppers, who were 17–16 winners in first. Jeff Komlo did the passing and Pete Ravettine most of the catching as visiting Delaware crunched Middle Tennessee 55–3. A 14-for-19 passing effort by Komlo netted 281 yards, a school-record 205 of which were picked up by Ravettine, who made nine receptions.

Undefeated Tennessee-Chattanooga upped its Southern Conference record to 3–0 by defeating Furman 13–9.

At the Oyster Bowl game in Norfolk, Va., it was Quarterback Leander Green of East Carolina who turned out to be a pearl. Green, who had run nine yards for a touchdown earlier in the game, concluded a 77-yard drive by going five yards into the end zone with one minute left to finish off Richmond 21–14.

South Carolina State, a 1-AA school which had outscored its opponents 199–24 while building a 6–0–1 record, was jolted 14–0 by Newberry, an SAC-8 squad.

There was no stopping Winston-Salem, however, the Rams taking their Central Intercollegiate AA game from Elizabeth City 28–6 for their 20th regular season victory. Shaw met Johnson C. Smith in a battle of winless CIAA teams from North Carolina, which were outscored by a combined total of 347 to 125. Smith earned the victory 29–20, while Shaw lost its 14th game in a row.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Steve Dils, a senior quarterback at Stanford, completed 32 of 51 passes for a Pac-10-record 430 yards and tied a conference mark with five touchdown throws as the Cardinals defeated Washington State 43–27.

DEFENSE: Mike Singletary, a 6′1″, 222-pound sophomore middle linebacker for Baylor, made 13 tackles and took part in another nine (he has been in on 144 in six games) to help the Bears surprise Texas A&M 24–6.

1.ALABAMA (6–1)
2.MARYLAND (7–0) 3.GEORGIA (5–1)

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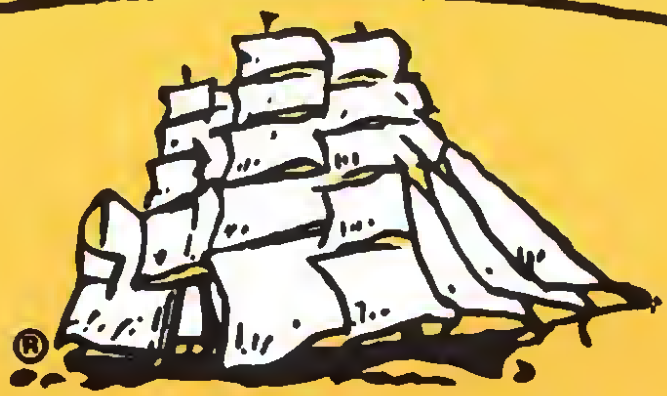
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The clock ran out on Viktor

It was mystics vs. realpolitik plus a race against time as Korchnoi's bid failed

Between Games 31 and 32 of the longest world championship chess match in history, something got to Viktor Korchnoi—pressure, perhaps, or several varieties of harassment. Maybe even the encroachments of age made the 47-year-old challenger increasingly vulnerable to the deadly squeeze of his clock. At the end of the 31st game in Baguio City, north of Manila in the Philippines, Korchnoi had seemed on the verge of accomplishing a stunning upset over Anatoly Karpov, 27, the world champion. Less than three weeks before, Karpov had had Korchnoi down five games to two in a match in which the first to win six would be champion. But then the doughty Korchnoi had rallied—and how he had rallied!

Draws (which counted for nothing) had predominated in the match, but almost miraculously Korchnoi won two games in a row, drew one and then won another. All of a sudden the match was 5–5 and into sudden death.

But as Korchnoi's extraordinary *resurgence* developed, the Soviet *apparat* got busy. And with good reason. Karpov's world title may have been slightly flawed—he won it in 1975 when Bobby Fischer, the champion at the time, defaulted following a dispute over regulations governing their title match. But against Korchnoi, Karpov was the 100% solid good-guy Soviet hero, whereas Korchnoi, who had also once been a ranking 100% good-guy Soviet chess player, was a lousy defector. After playing a match in Europe in 1976, Korchnoi declined to go back to Russia. He went to live in Switzerland and began taking potshots at the Soviet government in general and the Soviet chess hierarchy in particular. He singled out Karpov, who had beaten him in a bitter challenge-round match four years earlier. "He is . . . a little boy who lives for chess," Korchnoi said in July at the beginning of play in Baguio. "But where is his blood, his tears, his manhood? He licks the boots of the regime."

Korchnoi's comeback actually had begun early in September, when he was down 4–1 and, as an aide conceded, in terrible mental shape. He went off to Manila for a few days and returned with salvation in the unlikely form of two American mystics, Steven Dwyer and Victoria Sheppard, both in their 30s and both members of an India-based meditative sect called Ananda Marga. In Baguio they seemed mild as mild but it turned out they had each been sentenced to 10 to 17 years for stabbing an Indian embassy official on a Manila street and, at the time of Korchnoi's need, were free on bail pending appeal.

The Margis' effect on Korchnoi's play in the championship was astounding. "Even at my age," he said, "I'm understanding how I can strengthen my mental powers." Over a nine-game span beginning with Game 18, the once-distraught challenger won one game and had eight draws, including several near-miraculous recoveries from apparently lost positions. The Soviets immediately began protesting loudly about the danger to "security" posed by the two "terrorists" and managed to have them banned from the playing hall. Meanwhile Korchnoi continued to work out with them daily at the villa where he was staying.

In Game 27 Karpov broke the Margis' spell, catching Korchnoi in characteristic time trouble and winning for the first time in nearly a month. That brought the champion's advantage to a seemingly insuperable 5–2.

Hanging by a thread, Korchnoi calmly declined his seconds' advice to ask for another postponement. "Now I will just play to save my face," he told them. And whether it was a paradoxical lack of pressure in the circumstances or simply what a grandmaster who was present called "a terrible courage," Korchnoi played on—amazing the chess world and driving the Soviets to near distraction with three victories in the next four games. In the 28th game, with Karpov on white, Korchnoi turned the tables on the champion's attempted "blitz" with the kind of technical precision that is more Karpov's forte. The 29th was a Korchnoi romp topped with a perfectly administered coup de grace. In the 30th, he tried a risky defense from black and settled for a draw. Then Game 31, with risks, errors and a saving free-form end game. 5-all. For Anatoly Karpov, who had lost only six of the 188 games he had played in his three years as "paper champion," three straight losses must have been shattering.

But while Korchnoi smiled—and invited the press in for a display of headstanding yoga—the Soviet delegation's political wheels went into high gear. Holland's Dr. Max Euwe, president of FIDE, the ruling body of chess and the ultimate authority over championship matches, chose this time to leave Baguio. Almost immediately, Karpov's chief second submitted an official letter to the match jury members still present, reiterating the complaints against the Margis and calling for a FIDE jury meeting the following morning, five hours before Game 32 was scheduled to start.

At a closed-door session, Soviet delegation head Viktor Baturinsky, himself a member of the jury, demanded that the Margis be ordered to leave Baguio immediately and that a motion of censure be passed against Korchnoi for his continued association with "terroristic criminals." In the short time since Euwe departed, the FIDE board had been packed with an East European substitute and a hastily flown-in pro-Karpov Third-Worlder from Singapore. To no one's surprise, the Soviet motion carried.

As Game 32 began, yet another unpleasant surprise was in store for Korchnoi. Early in the match he had complained that one of Karpov's aides, a parapsychologist named Vladimir Zoukhar, was trying to hypnotize him from a seat in the front of the hall. Dr. Zoukhar had been ordered to sit in the back. Now he was in front again, staring intently at Korchnoi—and nobody would do anything to remove him.

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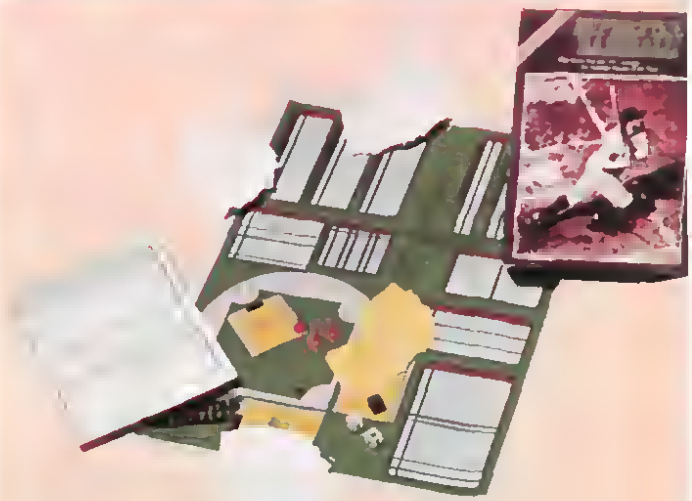


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In sudden-death play, neither man held back, Karpov attacking strongly with white, Korchnoi replying with the aggressive—and risky—Pirc defense. The game was even through 20 moves, but once again Korchnoi's clock trouble hung him: after taking two hours and 24 minutes for the first 28 moves, he was left with just six minutes to complete the ensuing crucial 12 moves—or face automatic defeat with time run out. And as the clock ticked, Korchnoi crumbled, his seconds groaning as rushed, weak moves turned what might have been a barely salvageable draw into a loss. At the adjournment, Korchnoi sealed a move from a position that had no hope.

After Korchnoi left the playing hall, his chief second told match officials the challenger would not return to finish the game. Neither, in protest against "the intolerable conditions under which the games had been played," would he sign his scorecard in formal resignation. At noon Korchnoi issued a statement saying his opponents had done "everything in their power to slander me, to destroy the harmony within my camp, to break my nerve. . . . Although Mr. Karpov has retained his paper title, I hope the world will appreciate the moral depths to which his supporters have lowered themselves to maintain his supremacy."

Korchnoi's well-known talent for political invective aside, most observers agreed that the quality of chess at Baguio ranged from good, sharp technical play (a Karpov trademark) and sometimes stunning end games (more often by Korchnoi) to, as one put it, "cheap tricks, sloppy analysis, and plain, simple mistakes that wouldn't do credit to a decent 16-year-old."

In fact, few outside the Soviet camp showed any great satisfaction at what had transpired—except that after 93 days, the longest chess championship was finally over. To a man, Western players and officials were unhappy about the precedents set. "I see nothing but evil coming," said an English grandmaster, "and there doesn't seem much hope outside of splitting the chess world into East and West. No one wants that, but no one wants another spectacle like this." The crudeness of the Soviet moves hit especially hard for one of the jury's Eastern European members. Apologizing to a friend in the Korchnoi camp, he said, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but in such situations I have no choice how to vote." **END**



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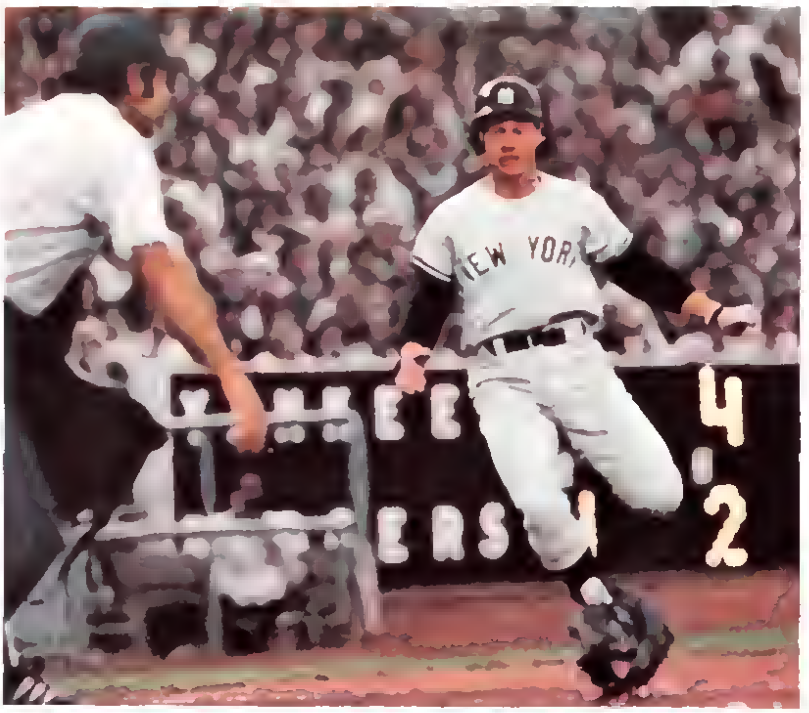
The Yankee D boys did double duty

Bucky Dent and Brian Doyle were in the lineup for their gloves, but New York won the Series because of their bats

The express elevator transporting the losing players to their parking lot at Dodger Stadium inexplicably stopped at the third floor. No one had pushed the button for that level, but the door slid open, exposing a Stygian void. No lights shone, no creature stirred. For a moment the occupants of the elevator stared silently into the darkness, and then Steve Garvey, smiling thinly, announced, "I believe this is where I get off." There was laughter as he stepped into the gloom, but he jumped back inside before the door clanged shut, and the passengers resumed their melancholy ascent.

Garvey's gallows jest was more than a little symbolic, because he and his teammates did have their moment in hell last week. During a World Series notable for the absence of any intervention from the Big Dodger in the Sky, the Yankees bedeviled them with plucky pitching, a larcenous defense and a fire-and-brimstone offense. Los Angeles' infield deficiencies were magnified in the Series glare, and its normally balanced attack grew top-heavy. Garvey and the rest of the middle of the Dodger batting order might as well have gotten off on the third floor and stayed there. A renowned clutch hitter, Garvey drove in exactly zero runs in the six games. Reggie Smith batted only .200. Dusty Baker was more productive than Garvey—by one RBI. Only Ron Cey of the Dodger middlemen hit authoritatively, and he drove in only four runs, three fewer than Bucky Dent, ninth man in the Yankee batting order. The Dodger offense was concentrated in leadoff man Davey Lopes, who hit .308 with three homers and seven RBIs, and second hitter Billy Russell, whose .423 batting average partially atoned for his opéra-bouffe fielding.





After Doyle had tied Game 6 with a double Dent (left) put the Yanks ahead with a single scoring Doyle (below) with the Series clincher

The Yankees, meanwhile, played the sort of fundamental baseball that invariably triumphs in pressure situations. One of the main reasons they became the first team to win four straight Series games after losing two was Reggie Jackson, the real Mr. October. The Dodgers had been claiming that title for Garvey, but he proved himself to be no more than Mr. Late September. Jackson is really the Fall guy, slugger of two tape-measure homers, driver-in of eight runs, obstructor of a crucial double-play throw. And there were Thurman Munson and Roy White, forever in the middle of rallies. And Mickey Rivers, who hit .333 on a leg and a half. And Graig Nettles, who hit not a lick but took half a dozen or more bingles away from the Dodgers with his whirling-dervish play at third. And there were Jim Beattie, Ron Guidry and Catfish Hunter, who pitched gutsily, and Rich Gossage, who relieved sensationally. But the real difference between the two teams in this Series was, as New York Manager Bob Lemon says, "the last part of the batting order." That would be Bucky Dent and a frail Kentucky haberdasher named Brian Doyle.

Dent, a shortstop, and Doyle, a second baseman, were on the field because of their defensive talents, and their glovework was exemplary. But Dent also hit .417, drove in seven runs and was proclaimed the Series' Most Valuable Player. And Doyle, a lefthanded hitter who was platooned with Fred Stanley, had seven hits in 16 at bats for a .438 average. Dent and Doyle had three hits apiece in each of the last two games, won by the Yankees 12–2 and 7–2. The duo demolished L.A. in the final game. With the Yankees trailing 1–0 in the second inning, Doyle drove the tying run home with his first major league extra-base hit, a double. Then Dent singled in what became the winning two runs.

In the bottom of the third inning, with

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New York leading 3–2 and two Dodgers on base, Smith ripped a grounder up the middle that Doyle backhanded and flipped awkwardly—but accurately—to Dent to start an inning-ending double play. It was a sparkling bit of fielding, just the sort of play the Yankees made thoughout the Series but the Dodgers rarely pulled off. Lopes had had a chance to make a grab of similar difficulty on Dent's two-run single in the second. He failed to come up with the ball, and the Yankees went ahead. Doyle made the most of his opportunity in the third, and he cut off the Dodgers' last good chance to get back into Game 6—and the Series.

Dent scampered far to his right in the bottom of the fourth to take a hit away from Baker. In the sixth, Doyle singled in his second run, and Dent eventually scored him with his third RBI of the game. Finally, in the eighth, Doyle saved a run with a stop of Vic Davalillo's bouncer up the middle. Said Jackson, "We couldn't have won it without them"—rare praise from one who regards the Series as his private stage.

Until Doyle arrived for keeps on Sept. 11, Dent was best known as the least known of the Yankee regulars. Actually, he has been a major league starter for five years, three with the White Sox, the last two with the world champions. Always a fine fielder, he has been a .255 hitter with little power. He was troubled most of this season with a blood clot in his leg and a pulled hamstring, and he hit only .243 in 123 games.

When Dent returned to New York after the Series, he was acclaimed a hero. He was a guest on the *Good Morning America* television show, was bombarded with offers of endorsements and was tailed all day by TV crews seeking to record his every movement. He was the happiest Yankee at last Thursday's gigantic victory parade and city-hall reception. A cheering mob estimated at 2 million attended the festivities in lower Manhattan, and while the masses proved amiable, it was almost impossible for police to control them. No arrests were made, but so fearful were the Yankees that they might be trampled by their fans, each of whom seemed intent on mounting the stage in front of city hall to congratulate the team, that the players were escorted from the ceremonies before they could be awarded their keys to the city.

Dent seemed to enjoy every minute of it. Although his wife was at his side, he was besieged by adoring young women. He is dark-haired, good-looking, bowlegged and 26. He convinced himself before the Series that it was his turn to be a pressure player. "I told myself I had better be a money ballplayer or I'd be embarrassed by what my teammates did," he said. He was not embarrassed.

While Dent was at least known to the Yankee faithful and to hard-core baseball addicts elsewhere, no one outside his family and airline ticket offices had ever heard of Doyle. His brother Denny achieved a measure of notoriety by throwing away a double-play ball for the Red Sox in the final game of the 1975 World Series, and his twin brother Blake is a second baseman in the International League. But Brian was just a guy who commuted between Gotham and Tacoma, Wash. He began the season as a utility infielder with the Yankees' farm in Tacoma, and then on April 23 he was called up to the big team. He played in one game, and was on his way back to Tacoma. He was summoned again on June 15 and returned to Washington Aug. 19. When Tacoma's season ended, he rejoined the Yankees.

His arrival was fortunate, because the regular second baseman, Willie Randolph, pulled a hamstring on Sept. 29 and was through for the year. All told, Doyle played in 39 games and had 10 hits, all of them singles, for a .192 average. But, at 24, he was at least in the bigs. Last year at Series time he was selling clothes at the Golden-Farley haberdashery in Bowling Green, Ky., near his home in Cave City.

"I feel like Cinderella," he said exultantly after the final victory. "I wanted to prove I could play this game. I'm a little guy—only 160 pounds—and I've had to scrape and try to outhustle everybody. I've always believed there is a spot in baseball for the little man."

That spot would seem to be the World Series, because as Stanley said in discussing the emergence of Dent and Doyle, "In the Series, pitchers tend to overlook the little guys. They're thinking about Munson and Jackson hitting home runs. They don't want to walk the little guys with the big ones coming up, so they give them good pitches." Dent and Doyle hit those good pitches, as so many other little guys have in World Series. In 1914 Brave Catcher Hank Gowdy, a .243 hitter during the season, hit .545 in the Series with a slugging percentage of 1.273. In 1927 Yankee Shortstop Mark Koenig, the least homicidal inmate of Murderers Row, hit .500 in the Series. Billy Martin, the once and perhaps future Yankee manager, batted .500 with 12 hits in '53. Yankee Bobby Richardson had a record 12 RBIs in 1960 and a record 13 hits in 1964. Chuck Hiller, a banjo hitter on a team of slugging Giants, hit the first Series grand slam by a National Leaguer in 1962. And Al Weis, a .215 batter during the season, was .455 for the Miracle Mets in 1969. Dent and Doyle join a distinguished company of Lilliputians.

Dent will certainly be back to plague Yankee foes next year. But whither Doyle? As his Dodger counterpart, Lopes, said, "I don't know that you'll see him next year." Certainly Randolph will play every day. Where does that leave a player of Doyle's modest attainments? Possibly the same place it leaves a number of Yankees—on the trading block.

Owner George Steinbrenner is obviously not one to stand pat. Adding Gossage to the bullpen this year strengthened the relief corps immensely. It also rendered old hero Sparky Lyle expendable. Centerfielders Rivers and Paul Blair also may well be playing elsewhere next spring. Blair can catch and throw but not hit. Rivers can hit and run but not throw. Texas' Juan Beniquez, the Yankees reportedly feel, can do all of those things, a deal for him is said to be already made. Is it also true that First Baseman Chris Chambliss, who was hurt in the Series, is trade bait? And does Munson still long to play in his native Ohio? Hunter has said he will pitch only one more year. Will this make Steinbrenner yearn for Dodger Pitcher Tommy John, who will be available in the free-agent draft? One Los Angeles newspaper even had Jackson going to the Angels.

Steinbrenner makes much of Yankee tradition, but he is a man of action, not sentiment. The Yankees, good as they are, will not stay intact. They are in a tough business in a tough town. As the thousands crushed in on city hall, Ron Swoboda, once a Series hero for the Mets but now a broadcaster, remarked on the differences between this Yankee celebration and the one that greeted the Mets of '69. "Our team appealed to the unreality in people," he said. "This team appealed to the reality. This is a city of scufflers. Everybody has had a kick in the butt somewhere along the way."

Even some heroes may get kicked. **END**

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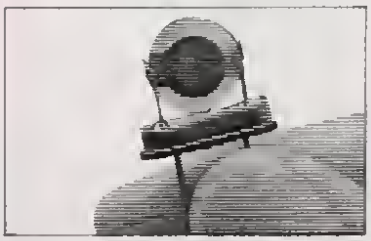
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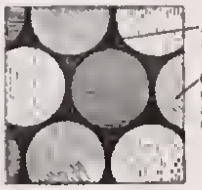
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The tallest question mark in L.A.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has seemed somewhat subdued since his fight with Kent Benson a year ago, but the five-time MVP says he isn't about to give up on the game

A couple of National Basketball Association scouts had stopped in Cleveland last week to get an early look at both the Los Angeles Lakers, who were in town, and the Cavaliers. The Lakers had lost their first two games and were in the process of losing the third, 113–111, when Press Maravich (New Orleans) turned to Pete Newell (Golden State) and asked:

"Why isn't Kareem playing?"

Newell relayed the question to a Los Angeles reporter.

"His season hasn't started yet," was the reply.

From all appearances, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar had been off flying on a magic carpet somewhere. He was on the court for the Lakers' opening-night 110–102 loss at Philadelphia, but he took only 10 shots, made only three, scored just 14 points, and controlled but two offensive rebounds. At New Jersey the next night, he was 5 for 14, scored 12 points, had one offensive rebound, and the Lakers lost 102–100. It could have been worse. The Nets led 100–84 with 4:59 left, which was when Abdul-Jabbar was benched. With Dave Robisch in the pivot the rest of the game, the Lakers ran off 12 straight points and lost by only two. While in the game, Kareem had been held scoreless for a six-minute period by a rookie named Bob Elliott who shrugged off the feat, saying that "playing Kareem was just like playing myself."

If NBA centers intend to prepare for Kareem by chasing their own shadows around a gym, Laker Coach Jerry West might suggest the same for the swarms of reporters now hounding the club on the Abdul-Jabbar watch. "If you guys would write your stories about what makes a team win or lose instead of worrying about what one man is doing, we'd all be better off," he steamed in Cleveland. "Why we're losing doesn't have a thing to do with Kareem. Don't you watch the game? We don't pass. We don't rebound. We're playing poor defense. If you don't see Kareem score 30 points, you just assume the problem's with him."

The heat comes not in response to Abdul-Jabbar's performance so much as from the way he looks on the court. Even last season, when he averaged 25.8 points, 13 rebounds and three blocked shots and shot 55%—all close to his career marks—he usually looked disinterested and Bill Walton suddenly replaced Kareem in many eyes as the NBA's consummate center.

"Have I lost any enjoyment for the game?" Abdul-Jabbar took a long pull of orange juice and thought for several seconds as he sat at an outdoor restaurant in Los Angeles following a Laker practice. "I don't think so," he finally answered.

But he has changed, and the agent of change was the frightening incident with Kent Benson in last year's opener when Jabbar fractured his hand on Benson's face. "That moment will always be with me," says Kareem. "I see it over and over in slow motion. The really big thing is that I could have killed him. We were totally out of the play when he hit me in the stomach with an elbow. I immediately reverted to a primal state of mind, which is no mind at all. How many years am I out of Harlem, and that is still with me?"

"You have to know Kareem to understand what an experience like that would do to him," says West. "He's grown quieter. He's gone inside himself again. It's a tremendous change. When you've accomplished what he's accomplished, you don't need something like that to happen to your life. He gets beat up all the time, and when he retaliates he's a bad guy. He can't win either way. It's completely unfair."

Is West protecting Jabbar or is he intimidated by him? There are no easy answers. West, who played the backcourt to perfection, has been angry with his guards—Norm Nixon, Ron Boone, Brad Davis, Lou Hudson and rookie Ron Carter. "All I want to know," says playmaker Nixon, "is if Kareem's to blame for

continued



Jabbar, 31, says he's at his athletic peak, but neither he nor the Lakers had a very good week



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our losing, how come Jerry's always picking on me?"

In the Philadelphia loss, 76er rookie Maurice Cheeks and Ralph Simpson—guards—scored the key points. At New Jersey, Net rookie Winford Boynes scored 20. At Cleveland, 5′ 11″ Foots Walker, a career six-point scorer, burned the Lakers with a career-high 26.

The main problem is that Boone, the bruising 18.4 career scorer acquired from Kansas City during the off-season, broke his nose in an exhibition game against Seattle and has been wearing a modified hockey goalkeeper's mask, and playing like a hockey goalkeeper—allowing opposing guards to double up on Nixon while scoring a meager nine points a game on 43% shooting. Davis, a first-round draft choice from Maryland a year ago, has not come anywhere close to his promise; the 34-year-old Hudson's career is behind him; and the 6′ 5″ Carter, out of VMI, is all rough edges. "It's very difficult to run an offense when you can't pass the ball to the right man at the right time. Kareem isn't taking only 13 shots a game because he's lazy," West says.

West's understandable desire to get the ball to Abdul-Jabbar early and often has caused disharmony among the Lakers in the past, not to mention the fact that it's like giving the opposition all the answers before the exam. Still, in last year's nightmare of a season that began with Abdul-Jabbar fracturing his hand and missing 20 games, the Lakers managed to come in at 45–37. But then they went down to Seattle in the first round of the playoffs. Charlie Scott, acquired from Boston at midseason, frequently rebelled against West's philosophy. Now with Denver, Scott says, "In L.A. we had 22 seconds to get Kareem his skyhook. If we couldn't, we had two seconds to try something else."

This year West is trying something else, since he has a difficult array of talent to mix. In Abdul-Jabbar's four seasons in Los Angeles, he has had 37 teammates. Though West claims that "this is the most talented group I've had here," it includes two disconcertingly similar small starting forwards—Adrian Dantley and Jamaal Wilkes—and second-year man Kenny Carr, at 6′ 7″ the only power-forward hope, who has been hampered with injuries in both his seasons. Dantley and Wilkes both like to back in to the basket and each is a strong offensive rebounder. But with Kareem operating down low, there is just not enough room for them and their defenders. So West occasionally moves Abdul-Jabbar to the high post, where he becomes less of a threat. Otherwise, Dantley shoots from the 20-foot range, and Wilkes takes what he can get in the corners. At the defensive end, the Lakers have been beaten by eight rebounds per game—against Cleveland they lost the boards by 57–33—which all but nullifies their fast break.

All of which spells trouble for West in the last year of his three-year contract. "And I mean my last," he said while airplane trouble in Cleveland made it seem as though the Lakers would never get off the ground.

"How long do they say we'll be here?" Ron Carter asked the coach.

"Two more weeks," said West. "When I get home I'm going to run 50 miles. I hope I have a coronary."

That turned the discussion to King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, who had been staying in the Lakers' Cleveland hotel after heart surgery. "Shoot, Jerry," said Assistant Coach Stan Albeck. "How would you like to make $15 million a day? You could buy the Pacific Ocean."

"Nah," said West. "I'd buy the Lakers. And disband them."

The Lakers' road trip invited comparisons with the Dodgers' fateful three-game stay in New York. For Abdul-Jabbar, there was a welcome home tainted by newspaper raps that he no longer cared about playing basketball and that collecting his $625,000 salary, renewable at his option for the rest of his career, was his only concern. He had seemed sluggish in the three games, but practicing back in Los Angeles he looked spirited and ran hard.

"Look at him," said Don Ford. "I'm not Freud, but does he look like he doesn't care? It doesn't matter what people outside the team think. Most of them don't know anything, anyway. Kareem is no prima donna. He's like the rest of us. He's working as hard as anybody to turn this thing around."

"Some people make it sound like I do nothing to contribute to our team," Abdul-Jabbar said. "That's absurd. But that's the way they want it to look. It looks good in the papers. Obviously if we were in a winning situation all that negativity would turn around. The thing that makes it tolerable is that as long as I do what the coaches want me to do, I can put up with all the heat. Jerry and I

continued

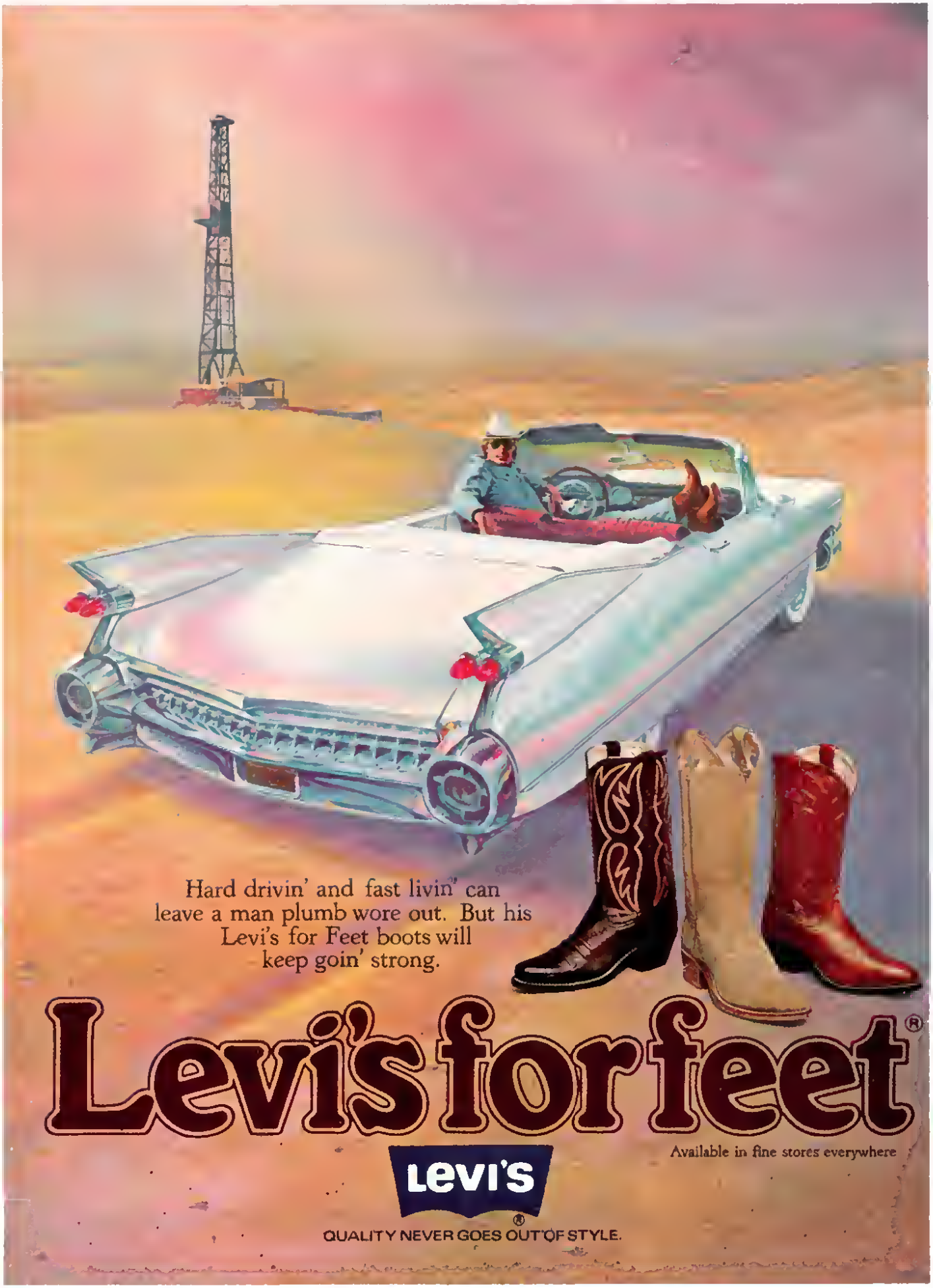
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have had it both ways. Obviously, it's best when we're winning."

If the Benson incident caused Abdul-Jabbar to be less intense in his play, it redoubled his determined crusade to stop violence in the NBA, which is tolerated, he feels, in direct proportion to the size of the victim. "Throw an elbow at a man who's 6′ 3″ and it's called a foul," he says. "Throw an elbow at a man over 6′ 9″ and it's called 'boxing out.' I remember as a kid seeing a picture in the New York *Daily News* of Wilt Chamberlain with four teeth knocked out. I felt very sorry for him. And I bet I was the only person in New York City who did."

While his broken hand was healing last fall, Abdul-Jabbar wrote a script for a documentary film on basketball violence. "It was produced entirely without the cooperation of the NBA," he said. He is now trying to sell the show to television, and, predictably enough, getting nowhere.

He has no intention of quitting basketball, pointing out that he is at his physical peak, yet he admits that after 22 years of playing the game and being regarded on and off the court as a freak, he toys with thoughts of other ways of life. "I definitely find myself thinking at times of different things I could be doing that would not be so oppressive to me," he says.

He long ago learned to cope with his size. "I've always considered my height a blessing," he says. "The last time I felt self-conscious about it was when I was 16 and Chock Full O' Nuts, the New York coffee-shop chain, wouldn't hire me because I was too tall. Too tall to wipe counters and mop floors!" He giggles. "And Jackie Robinson was a vice-president of the company! They were going to give black kids a chance. I was crushed."

"Privacy?" he says. "That's not a problem in L.A. People are used to seeing celebrities around town."

One day last week Kareem dropped into a sign shop to have a pet poem printed and mounted on canvas. The petite woman proprietor gaped in disbelief at his colossal presence.

"Hi, I'm Kareem," he said. They spent 30 minutes discussing the specifications for the job, the woman stealing up-and-down glances at every opportunity. "Here's my card," he said. "Give me a call when it's finished."

"Okay," she said. "And it was so nice to meet you. What was the name again? Chris?"

END

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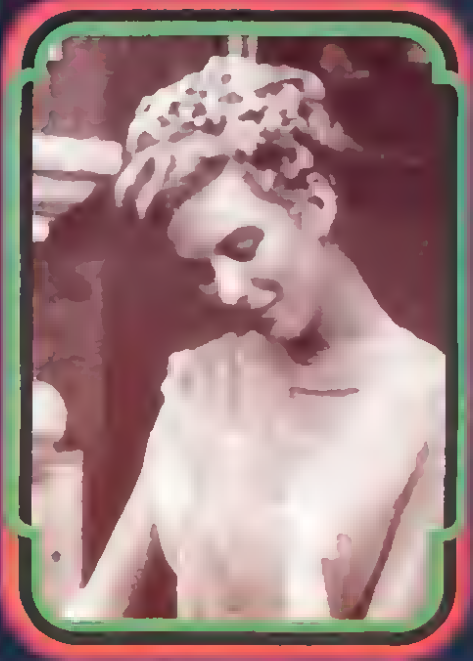
It's in the Big Ten, Ara coached there, Otto Graham was an All-America, yet Northwestern football is feeble, compared to the school's powerful drama department. But NU likes it that way—the gibes at the annual "Wea-Mu" show are affectionate **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**





Otto Graham

Cloris Leachman



CONTINUED



New football Coach Rick Venturi (lower left) clasps his hands prayerfully as his overmatched Wildcats play in half empty Dyche Stadium before a crowd that includes blanketed older fans and cheerful students who earlier had dutifully observed an old Northwestern tradition by sloppily painting "The Rock."

When John Pont resigned at the end of last season as football coach at Northwestern University, the reaction on the pretty, elm-shaded campus in Evanston, Ill. was muted. Northwestern had suffered through six straight losing seasons, five of them under Pont, who was also the Wildcats' athletic director. After the team hit bottom with identical 1–10 records the past two seasons, athletic director Pont decided it was time to fire coach Pont. More or less typical was the response of a student who was hunched over a book in the library when a reporter for *The Daily Northwestern* asked whether a new football coach might help.

The student grew thoughtful. "That's no job for a human being," he finally replied.

So far Northwestern's new coach, Rick Venturi, has fared no better than Pont. The 32-year-old Venturi was a Wildcat defensive back in the late 1960s and stuck around for a while as an assistant coach before serving on the football staffs at Purdue and Illinois. He was named head coach at his alma mater a couple of weeks after Pont's resignation. Intimating that he bled Wildcat purple the way Tom Lasorda bleeds Dodger blue, the upbeat Venturi introduced a multiple offense and a flashy passing attack, explaining, "We feel we can create problems for the other team." And as Venturi's first season neared, bumper stickers promising EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED flowered in Evanston.

Unfortunately something then happened that Venturi simply couldn't avoid—the 1978 season began. In his coaching debut the Wildcats struggled to a 0–0 tie with lowly Illinois, but after that things went downhill. Northwestern suffered Big Ten losses to Iowa (20–3) and Wisconsin (28–7) and then took non-conference shellackings from Colorado (55–7) and Arizona State (56–14). Back in the Big Ten, the Wildcats lost to Indiana (38–10) before last Saturday's 38–14 defeat by Minnesota, giving it an 0–6–1 record. Northwestern's new multiple offense may have created problems, but opponents seemed to be solving them without noticeable difficulty.



Like Venturi, I am a Northwestern Old Grad and while I can't say I bleed Wildcat purple, I share his affection for the school. A private coeducational university of high academic and social standing, our alma mater has a strong faculty, a robust $260-million endowment and an agreeable setting in Evanston, an affluent Chicago suburb of 77,000. Flanked on one side by busy Sheridan Road, the campus overlooks the restful beaches and gentle surf of Lake Michigan on the other. To the south stretches Chicago, whose shimmering skyline looms down the lakefront. To the north lie leafy bedroom communities such as Kenilworth and Wilmette. Squirrels scamper across Northwestern's lawns and purple croeuses bloom on campus in the spring. All considered, a singularly favored place.

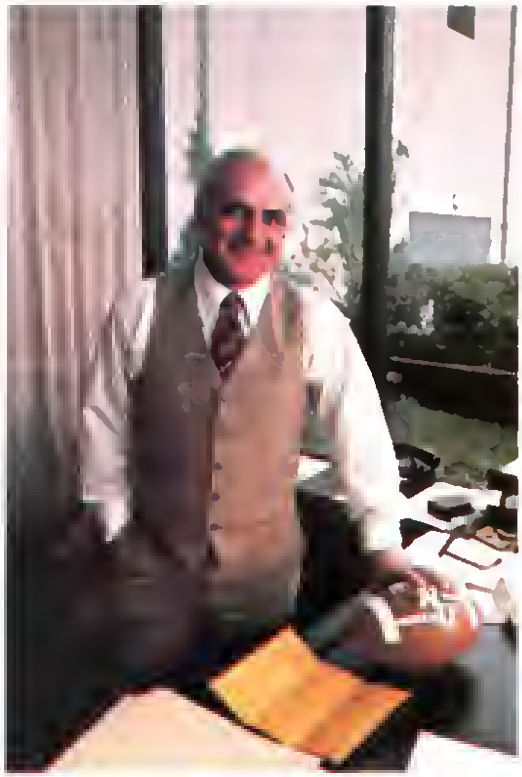
But Northwestern's aura of well-being does not extend to the gridiron, and with Venturi still seeking his first victory, the feeling grows that, indeed, his job really isn't suitable for *homo sapiens*. Even though it was a founding member of the Big Ten, Northwestern has always had trouble holding its own in the conference. It won its last Big Ten football title—and its only undisputed one—in 1936. The Big Ten used to be the strongest football conference in the country but, with the possible exceptions of Michigan and Ohio State, its football fortunes have declined in recent years, and Northwestern's have sunk lowest of all. Having won only two of its last 35 games—losing *many* by five touchdowns or more—Northwestern is lucky these days if it entices 20,000 fans into 48,500-seat Dyche Stadium. That would be a gratifying turnout for a Mid-American Conference scrap between Toledo and Ball State. But the Big Ten?

Nor has Northwestern done much better in other sports. It has been 47 years since the school won its only outright Big Ten basketball championship and it has never won a conference title in track and field, wrestling or gymnastics. Northwestern's last Big Ten championship in *anything* came in cross-country in 1965. It fields teams in 10 men's sports, and last year half of them finished in the Big Ten cellar. These included the golfers, whose coach, Mickey Louis, had big ideas about upsetting Michigan State for ninth place. But a couple of his players faltered, and on the second day of the three-day tournament Louis conceded, "We had two chances, slim and none, and slim just went home."

When Northwestern's baseball team won its first five conference games, a banner headline in the athletic department newsletter trumpeted WILDCATS LEAD BIG TEN IN BASEBALL. Northwestern then lost 10 of its next 11 conference games and finished eighth. NU's wrestlers placed sixth in the conference, and unless you try to make something out of a fifth-place finish in fencing—which is difficult to do, because only five teams competed—those were the strongest performances of any Wildcat men's team.

As Northwestern struggles along, all sorts of explanations are offered for its poor showings. It is noted that North-

continued



Genial Athletic Director John Pont fired himself as football coach

NORTHWESTERN *continued*

western is the only private school in the Big Ten and that it is the smallest, with 6,500 undergraduates compared to 14,100 at next-smallest Iowa on up to 35,000-plus at Michigan State, Ohio State and Minnesota. And that its tuition is $5,025 more than double the tab at any other Big Ten school. And that its alumni are relatively few and widely scattered. Yet none of this necessarily explains anything. After all, Notre Dame and USC are also private schools with small enrollments.

What does help account for Northwestern's disheartening performances is its determination to have it both ways in college sport. In one breath its boosters relish the "prestige"—a curious word, given its sorry won-lost records—that comes with involvement in big-time Big Ten athletics, and in the next, Northwestern people espouse what is close to an Ivy League philosophy. Although it awards athletic scholarships, which Ivy schools eschew, Northwestern imposes on its athletes the Big Ten's toughest admission requirements and course loads. Its officials express genuine disapproval of such practices as altering transcripts and withdrawing scholarships from those whose jump shots might have gone awry. They also take pains to make sure their athletes graduate—and during the past five years, 93% of them have.

Northwestern's athletic policies were established for the most part by previous administrations but are interpreted, defended and agonized over by the school's president, Robert Strotz. Strotz is sometimes accused of being less than dynamic, probably in part because he has a slightly rumpled demeanor instead of the tailored Cary Grant look they're showing in university presidents this year. On the subject of athletics though, Strotz is forceful enough. He tirelessly inveighs against overemphasis on profit and victory in collegiate sport, and he deplores the direction Michigan and Ohio State, the conference heavies, have taken.

"People ask me what's wrong with Northwestern but I feel they should be directing their criticism toward the schools at the top of the conference," Strotz says. "They regard sport as big business, and they're under tremendous pressure to win. We like being in the Big Ten and consider it a classy group of schools. And we like to feel we can become competitive. But we view sports as a wholesome aspect of our total university and not as a big business. We don't think the idea of college athletics is to make a profit. If we did, we wouldn't be in it."

Highminded as all this may be, the fact remains that Northwestern is *not* competitive and hasn't been for some time. And the burden of defeat hangs heavy in the Evanston air. Northwestern football games still have some of the traditional trappings, including pompon girls and a marching band, but pep rallies are held only at homecoming, and their organizers have to hold them outside the stadium shortly before kickoff to attract a crowd. Intercepted as they arrive, students reward cheerleaders with a few dispirited yells and dutifully sing, *Go U Northwestern*. But everybody, even the brave soul dressed as Willie the Wildcat, knows that Northwestern isn't going anywhere. Michael Spound, a senior who has served as master of ceremonies at homecoming pep rallies the past couple of years, plaintively asks, "Ever try getting people excited about a 1–10 record?"

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that not everybody buys Northwestern's have-it-both-ways approach. Some partisans think Northwestern should go whole hog in the Big Ten by becoming more "flexible" in its academic standards for athletes. Others feel the school should carry its Ivy League impulses to their logical conclusion and drop out of the Big Ten. There is hardly anything new about this. Demands that Northwestern quit the conference—and rumors that it might—have been heard in Evanston for at least a quarter of a century.

But most Northwesterners either approve of, or at least acquiesce in, their university's approach to sport. They see it as proof that the school is unique, special and different. They would like to win but aren't going to get pushy about it. "Northwestern people aren't fanatical about football," says Payson Wild, the university's retired provost. "They're proud of their school's academic standards and would merely like the football team to be respectable." Dean of Administration Laurence Nobles, the school's Big Ten faculty representative, says, "Most of our fans want us to shoot for the middle of the pack. That way we might get to the top as a kind of random event."

Meanwhile, in the absence of football respectability, Northwesterners are proving that it is possible to survive on a diet of steady defeat, a little-known fact that partisans of schools like Alabama and Penn State might find incredible. In spite of everything, many Northwestern students do attend games, often buoyed by the sort of brave good humor demonstrated by Brad Hall, a senior from Santa Barbara, Calif., who says he finds going to NU games beneficial to his ego. "I played high school football and wasn't very good," he says, "but when I watch Northwestern's foot-

continued

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ball team. I think to myself, Hey, maybe *I* could play in the Big Ten."

Some Northwestern alums grumble about the football team but for the most part they are forbearing. Cornered by alumni on the sorry subject of football, Strotz is reputed to have said, "Well, *somebody's* got to lose." They actually let him get away with it, too. Some NU Old Grads accept defeat, others simply ignore it. In New York one day I ran into a woman who had been in Evanston at the same time I was. "I'm doing a story on football at Northwestern," I told her.

She asked cheerfully, "Oh, is Northwestern good in football now?" She was serious, too.

It is a sign either of their gentleness or of their despair that NU alums never cried for John Pont's scalp, although they might well have. Hired as football coach in 1973 (he added the athletic directorship the next year), he tried to grind it out Big Ten style, only to get ground down, hamburger style. The dignified, white-haired Pont belongs to a Great Books club, and on the afternoon I visited him in his office in the shadow of Dyche Stadium he was fretting about the fact that he had not finished reading Graham Greene's *The Human Factor* in time for that evening's meeting. It had apparently been a similar twinge of conscience that prompted Pont to quit as coach, because he insists he was under no pressure to do so.

"There was a sense of alumni frustration, of course," allowed Pont, "but I doubt that I received 10 complaining letters in all those years. And there were probably only two really mad ones."

In accepting Pont's resignation, Strotz was very much in character. With a splendid, if gratuitous, dig at certain other coaches, the Northwestern president said, "John Pont has never embarrassed the university. He has never knocked over yard markers or hit a player, and he has never smashed a camera."

The moral note Strotz keeps striking in dealing with sport would certainly have pleased the God-fearing Methodists who founded Northwestern in 1851. These good men banned cursing and cardplaying and saw to it that the demon rum was kept out of the emerging village of Evanston. Evanston remained dry clear up until 1972, when the sale of liquor was finally legalized in hotels and restaurants, greatly vexing the Women's Christian Temperance Union, whose headquarters is a gabled, white frame house a block south of the campus. In an even more startling change, an influx of younger families has recently given long-Republican Evanston a Democratic majority. One enduring part of the Evanston scene is its ubiquitous matrons, who still dwell in lakefront mansions and conduct brisk infantrylike sweeps through the local millinery shops. Except that now milady may enjoy a brandy Alexander with her lunch.

A mixing of old and new has also taken place on the NU campus. The original campus is adorned with slightly stodgy Romanesque and Gothic buildings. But Northwestern, yearning for *Lebensraum*, began dumping earth into Lake Michigan in the early 1960s and wound up with some 84 acres of new land, nearly doubling its size. Graced with a space-age library and other buildings, this "lake-fill campus" sits cheek by jowl with the old campus, attesting to the university's institutional clout when it comes to getting things done.

As its Methodist influence waned—the last ties with the church were severed in 1972—Northwestern had trouble squaring its growing pretensions to academic excellence with its budding reputation for being a country-club school. Let students at other Big Ten schools go on their hayrides or paint their silos or do whatever they did for kicks; Northwesterners hopped in their convertibles and drove off to quaff beer on Howard Street just across the Chicago line or to catch Odetta down at the Gate of Horn.

Unique, special and different Northwestern is now also serious Northwestern. Gone are the notorious, if unacknowledged, admission quotas that limited the number of blacks, Jews and Catholics. Today Northwestern's WASPs are close to becoming a minority; it is a point of pride that there is as high a proportion of blacks in the student body at large (14%) as there is on the football team. And NU students *study*, which may have something to do with the fact that 62% of them receive financial aid.

"Sometimes I think today's students are *too* serious," worries Jack O'Dowd, Northwestern's director of university relations. "This generation refuses to do anything for the sheer, damn, fun-loving hell of it. Before you could get college students today to swallow a goldfish, you'd have to convince them it was a health food."

But perhaps life at Northwestern is not all that much of a grind, either. Shunning Evanston's new drinking spots, many undergrads still hit the old hangouts on Howard Street, where the suds flow as always and the jukeboxes blare. They also party it up in their fraternity and sorority houses. As on other campuses, Northwestern's strong fraternity system declined during the protest turbulence of the '60s but has lately enjoyed a revival. Its coeds also nicely uphold Northwestern tradition. Over the years Northwestern women enjoyed a reputation for being pretty and so well-born that they easily could have afforded to wear dimes in their penny loafers had they so chosen. In the studied opinion of Scott Yelvington, a Northwestern split end who graduated in 1977 and is NU's director of student-alumni relations, Northwestern's women are still knockouts, largely because they include "a lot of foxy ladies out of the East."

One reason Northwestern attracts foxy ladies—from wherever—is its superb theater department, a longtime mecca for the stagestruck. As with the earlier partygoing, this may seem at odds with the school's churchly origins, but NU's alumni rolls are filled with the names of show-biz successes: Oscar winners Charlton Heston, Jennifer Jones, Patricia Neal and Cloris Leachman. *And* Tony Randall, Paul Lynde, Carol Lawrence and the late Edgar Bergen. *And* McLean Stevenson, Tony Roberts, Warren Beatty and Karen Black. *And* Dick Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. *And* Ann-Margret.

The size of the theater department and the kind of talent it has attracted and developed make Northwestern a switched-on place. Everywhere on campus you see them.

comely gals and well-scrubbed guys with an unmistakable here-I-come-world gleam in their eyes. In past years sorority girls gathered around pianos and belted out show tunes like so many Judy Garlands (she did *not* go to Northwestern) while fraternity boys rented hotel ballrooms for parties that featured lavish parodies of Broadway musicals. The would-be Barrymores took classes in which they pretended to be wallpaper or celery stalks, and they plotted their impending careers over coffee in the Hut, an off-campus delicatessen so scruffy that a number of sororities declared it off limits. That alone would have assured its popularity, but it helped that Hank and Irv, who somehow ran the place as partners for 15 years without speaking to each other, offered credit.

The budding singers and dancers in this crowd also starred in the student revue called the *Waa-Mu* show. Started in 1929 by the Women's Athletic Association and the Men's Union, Waa-Mu was a pastiche of knock-'em-dead production numbers, harmless comedy sketches and bouncy little tunes. There was a song called *Wigwam Wooing of Wigawama* that a pudgy Warren Beatty sang in the 1956 show clad in full Indian-chief regalia. There was also a number that Tony Roberts sang in 1961 by way of protesting that there was only one water fountain in all of Cahn Auditorium. As Roberts finished the song, entitled One *Stinking Drinking Fountain*, he leaped from the stage and raced out to the lobby for a drink of water at the fountain. The Waa-Mu show still runs for 10 sellout performances every spring, and NU's theater department recently broke ground for a new $6 7-million building.

In a curious way, Northwestern's rich theatrical tradition seems of a piece with the school's show-must-go-on attitude toward big-time college athletics. It is as though Dyche Stadium were standing there, like some enormous stage set, merely to lend authenticity to what college life is supposed to be all about. There may be no better explanation for the more or less contented way Northwestern has limped along athletically since it joined the University of Chicago and five state institutions in 1896 to found what later became the Big Ten. NU teams sometimes did well in earlier years, especially in the country-club sports. Around World War I, the Fighting Methodists, as the school's teams were then known, dominated Big Ten swimming, and in the 1940s Northwestern was a ranking power in tennis. NU even won a national team title in 1941, the first NCAA fencing championship. That victory was tarnished, however, by the fact that NYU, Columbia and other Eastern powers then dominating the sport had skipped the meet.

There are a few moments to cherish in football, too. Northwestern's teams shared four Big Ten titles in earlier years and would have done better save for repeated late-season pratfalls: NU often had solid frontline performers but just as often lacked the depth so essential as the season wears on. In four years—1916, 1930, 1931 and 1936—Northwestern went into the final game undefeated, only to lose. As a result, the school has never had a perfect season. But even in lean times, NU teams were, often as not, entertaining. The Wildcats snapped losing streaks with timely upsets and tended to be daring on offense. In the 1940s Northwestern even had its own alltime gridiron great, Otto Graham, whose passing and running kept NU fans happy though their team lost more games than it won during his three seasons. There was also Northwestern's 20–14 win over California in the 1949 Rose Bowl. Few cared that the Wildcats, the Big Ten runner-up, had made the trip to Pasadena only because a conference rule prevented Big Ten champion Michigan from going to Pasadena for a second year in a row.

These relatively modest achievements were enough for Northwesterners. Or they were until the mid-'50s, when the Wildcats won only one Big Ten game in three years and were not even remotely entertaining. The 1955 team went 0–8–1 and was outscored 241–66. A new, big-bucks era was dawning in college sport, and it was the football mills, not the schools with Northwestern's exacting academic standards, that were attracting athletes. While some Wildcat fans urged that those standards be eased, *The Daily Northwestern* was demanding that the school quit the Big Ten as Chicago had done in 1946 (Michigan State took Chicago's place in 1949 to bring the Big Ten back to strength). Northwestern President J. Roscoe Miller rejected both courses of action, elevating the have-it-both-ways philosophy to official doctrine. But he also presided over a very unNorthwesternly athletic purge. In 11 months the athletic director and two head football coaches were sacked (or resigned) as well as an assistant football coach who would later do some hiring and firing of his own: George Steinbrenner.

The next football coach was Ara Parseghian, who took over the Wildcats in the fall of 1956 just as I was arriving as a freshman. Bad as the team was that the 32-year-old Parseghian inherited, the spectacle of college football at Northwestern remained intact, especially during homecoming, when there was a variety show, a big parade through Evanston and extravagant house decorations. I remember a huge papier-mâché cash register with a sign reading, with bravado, NORTHWESTERN RINGS UP THE BUCKEYES. There were also Friday-night pep rallies that students attended *voluntarily* and at which the dark-visaged Parseghian, a spellbinder of revival-tent dimensions, would whip everybody into something actually resembling a frenzy. "We're going to *pull* some surprises!" Ara would cry, eyes flashing. "Get behind us!"

Parseghian also applied his persuasive powers to recruiting. A believer in the importance of instilling confidence in his players, he was not about to let on that high entrance requirements might be anything but good for a football team. So he turned them into a virtue. "If you get a degree from Northwestern, it means something," he assured coveted prospects. And, "At Northwestern, you'll get to play a lot." And again, "You'll be in a small-school atmosphere, but you'll also be in the Big Ten." The young men who bought this pitch found no athletic dorms at Northwestern, and they actually were expected to study. Nonetheless, certain accommodations were made. Jocks were provided with tutors by the athletic department and loaded up on the intellectual offerings of Dr. William McGovern, a delightful political science professor who refused on principle to give

continued

grades lower than C in courses fondly known as McGoos.

Northwestern soared to a .500 record in Parseghian's first season, but in 1957 the injury-riddled Wildcats went winless. Still, Ara was gathering around him a few good football players. Among them was a fleet halfback named Ron Burton, who serenely read the Bible in bed while others in his dormitory staged pillow fights and played bongo drums outside his door. And Irv Cross, slender, gentlemanly and good at catching passes. And Fred Williamson, startlingly handsome but with a contrary nature, in the basement of McCulloch Hall I once saw Williamson slap somebody's face for being slow to obey his order to change a TV channel.

In 1958, my junior year, Parseghian's men began pulling some of the surprises he had promised. A suddenly explosive Wildcat team featuring Burton and Quarterback Dick Thornton won five of its first six games, drawing ever-bigger crowds into Dyche. When the news was flashed to other stadiums around the country that Northwestern was leading Michigan 43–0 at *halftime*, gasps of disbelief filled the autumn air all over the U.S. Believe it: Northwestern coasted to victory on that giddy day in Evanston, 55–24 (SI, Oct. 27, 1958). And later, before a homecoming throng of 51,102—at the time the second-biggest crowd ever at Dyche—Northwestern *did* ring up Ohio State's Buckeyes, the Wildcats scoring a stunning 21–0 victory that snapped the Ohioans' Big Ten-record 15-game win streak. Caught up in the euphoria of one of the biggest upsets in conference history, members of the "Block N" section flipped their flip cards onto banks of spectators sitting in front of them. The flying cards injured some fans, and the Block N section was disbanded the following week.

A lack of reserve strength, that old Northwestern curse, took its toll and the Wildcats lost their last three games, although not before Burton ran his scoring total to 76 points, still the school record. In my senior year, Burton was All-America and the campus was thinking Rose Bowl as Parseghian's team won six straight, climbing briefly to No. 2 in the national polls. The victims included Oklahoma, a dozen of whose players suffered food poisoning on arrival in Evanston. The mystery of the food poisoning was never solved, and Northwestern beat Oklahoma 45–13 (SI, Oct. 5, 1959). But the Wildcats again lost their last three games (just as, a few years later, Parseghian's 1962 team, led by the exceptional passing combination of Tom Myers-to-Paul Flatley, would self-destruct after a 6–0 start and a *No. 1* national ranking). Nonetheless, they drew 492,667 fans home and away in 1959, still a school record.

Parseghian departed for Notre Dame and far greater glory in 1964, but his achievements there were really no more impressive than what he had wrought in Evanston. Although he had no better than a 36–35–1 record to show for his eight seasons, he had lifted Northwestern out of the football doldrums. While Karen Black, Ann-Margret, Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin, all of whom were undergraduates during the Parseghian years, were pretending to be celery stalks, the boys at Dyche were giving a convincing portrayal of a football team. It seems somehow appropriate that Parseghian today is an ABC-TV color commentator; that Cross is deskman (with fellow NU alum Brent Musburger) on CBS' pro football scoreboard show; and that Fred Williamson, notorious in his pro football days with the Kansas City Chiefs as the Hammer, has gone Hollywood.

In 1971, under Parseghian's successor, Alex Agase, Northwestern edged Ohio State for the Big Ten runner-up spot behind Michigan, thereby becoming the improbable answer to the trivia question: Which is the only Big Ten school to break the 1–2 stranglehold that Michigan and Ohio State have had on the conference during the past 10 years? But 1971 was also Northwestern's last winning season. Since then, the Wildcats have gone on the skids in football and other sports as well, one result being that the athletic department has been running roughly $1 million a year in the red. At a time when at least some universities managed to make money on athletics, NU had to meet its deficits by using funds from the general budget that might have been put to academic purposes. For all its talk about de-emphasizing football and other sports, Northwestern finds itself subsidizing them in a big way.

School officials somewhat lamely argue that the cost of athletic scholarships should not be counted as an athletic department expense, a bookkeeping dodge that might actually enable the intercollegiate sports program to show a small profit. And they reiterate that in any event, they are not all that concerned with the bottom line. But this is mocked by the obvious care with which they scrimp on scholarships in sports besides football and basketball. For instance, while the NCAA allows up to 13 baseball scholarships, NU limits Coach George McKinnon to six free rides. And, instead of getting the new arena-complex they feel they need, NU's basketball, wrestling and track teams go on using McGaw Hall, a drafty old field house with a dirt floor and splintered seats. It is, obviously, a losing proposition for them without fancy facilities to attract good athletes—or indeed, without sufficient scholarships—it is certainly going to be tough to build winning teams in those sports.

Caught in an obvious bind, Strotz somewhat wistfully suggests reforms to eliminate the evils he sees in college sport and, not incidentally, to put Northwestern on more competitive footing. The proposed changes are aimed at influential alumni by means of whose legislative clout state schools construct vast stadiums and then go to great lengths to create winning teams to fill them. To reduce alumni control and break this cycle, Strotz suggests that state legislatures *increase* funds for athletics at state schools, freeing them, in effect, to lose money and football games, too. He says that schools determined to go the big-business route—meaning Michigan and Ohio State in the Big Ten—should split off into a "superconference" and "let the rest of us keep college athletics as a college activity for the benefit of students."

But it is Northwestern that appears out of step. This became evident during a recent showdown over the Big Ten's longstanding 50-50 split of gate receipts between home and visiting teams. The 50-50 arrangement was distasteful to a school like Michigan, which didn't fancy playing before

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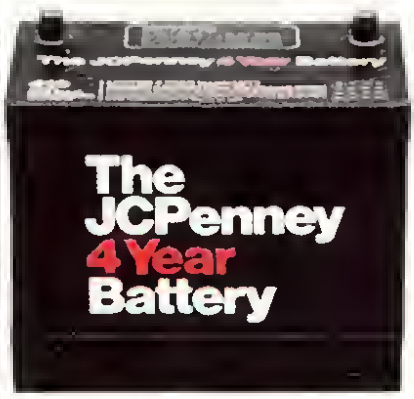
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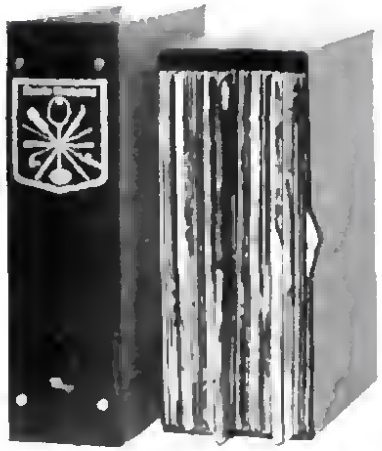
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meager crowds of 30,000 or so in Evanston It began urging Northwestern to play all future games in the rivalry at Ann Arbor in front of those 100,000-plus throngs the Wolverines can always count on drawing. Nothing doing; Strotz wouldn't let Northwestern become a "road show" and insisted on maintaining a home-and-away arrangement with Michigan. However, last spring the Big Ten adopted a rule that will require home teams to guarantee visitors a $100,000 minimum, a move that delighted Michigan's aggressive athletic director, Don Canham. Northwestern, which didn't come close to providing visiting teams with $100,000 in 1977, was the only school to vote against the proposal.

Unless attendance at Dyche improves in a hurry, the new regulation figures to add $85,000 a year to Northwestern's already substantial athletic deficit. Faculty representative Nobles is bitter. "All I hear from that ———— Canham is dollars, dollars, dollars," he says. "He seems to be doing everything he can to put us down."

After passage of the gate-receipts change, there was renewed speculation that Northwestern might get out of the Big Ten. When he hears such talk, John Pont reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out a copy of a newspaper clipping he keeps handy for such occasions. Dated 1969, the clipping declares flatly that Northwestern was making arrangements to get out of the Big Ten. "These stories are like a locust plague," Pont says in a tone of distaste. "We have no intention of getting out of the Big Ten."

That commitment may well be as firm as Pont makes it sound. If so, the usual reasons given—considerations of prestige and the like—are only part of the story. It also happens that NU officials feel, in a very real sense, trapped in the Big Ten. They have considered withdrawal more carefully than they sometimes let on and have concluded that switching to a less demanding schedule might only further deflate attendance and revenues—and maybe dry up some alumni contributions as well. Obviously, they sometimes think about dollars, too.

The other familiar option urged on Northwestern—that it bend a little on its academic requirements for athletes—is rejected out of hand. School officials say that admissions procedures are the same for athletes as for everybody else—and that they will stay that way. They also insist that today there are few, if any, McGoo-style courses. What is more, having long required phys-ed majors to take solid academic courses like biology and English—rather than rhetoric and beginning football, as at some schools—Northwestern is now phasing out phys ed as a major.

"They expect football players to do the work," says Frank Malec, a starting guard under Pont and a selection to last year's All-Big Ten academic team. "They don't postpone midterms for you, either. A lot of times I'd come back from an away game Saturday night and have to head straight for the library."

Northwestern may eventually have to swallow hard and agree to play, say, two out of every three years in Ann Arbor. At least that would help relieve its financial plight. And its coaches may have to heed Parseghian's example and sell the school to athletes capable of making the academic grade. That is the course followed by Stanford, an academically impeccable school that tries to have it both ways—and more often than not actually *wins*. It is also the course followed by NU's women's tennis team, which qualified last spring for the 24-team AIAW nationals. To hear Coach June Booth tell it, that kind of success doesn't seem out of reach of NU's men's teams.

"What bothered me when I came to Northwestern," says Booth, "was that some of the men's coaches seemed to *expect* to lose. We women came in with a positive attitude. We've gone after intelligent, career-oriented women who don't want to drown in a big school."

Perhaps the most striking thing about Northwestern's sports situation today is that the school's show-biz successes, which once seemed to inspire the football team, now cast a long shadow over it. It is not enough that Northwestern sends more people to Hollywood than to the NFL; nor that the school is getting a new theater building while its sports facilities creak and groan; nor even that a group of Waa-Mu performers attracted turnouts of 300-plus at alumni gatherings on the West Coast last spring while Pont never drew more than 100. No, on top of all that, there was Old Grad Paul Lynde's visit to campus last fall as grand marshal of the homecoming parade.

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While in Evanston, the comedian stopped at a local Burger King, where he allegedly made racist remarks to a black professor, earning the formal condemnation of Northwestern's student governing body. There was also the awkward moment before the game against Ohio State when Lynde entered what he thought was the visitors' locker room, sauntered up to some players and said, "Lose!" It was the Northwestern locker room.

And Northwestern lost, 35–15.

On the other hand, Rick Venturi, the new football coach, is cut in the mold of Parseghian, and not just because he arrived during rough times. Venturi also brims with Parseghian-style enthusiasm. This was apparent as he conducted practice in the rain one afternoon at Dyche Stadium last spring, sloshing here and there, slapping backsides and yelling encouragement. It was clear, too, when he retreated to his office, a purple-painted lair with inspirational inscriptions ("I will persist until I succeed") posted on the walls.

"I like to relate to the winning teams in Northwestern history," Venturi said, "some of the teams under Parseghian and Agase, for example. They emphasized passing and a lot of movement, and I think that's still the Northwestern way. We attract a sound student here who can handle a complicated offense. Besides, this is a happening place. I also think football is not just a war. It's a spectacle, too."

It is a sign of acceptance of sorts that Northwestern's gung-ho coach was lampooned in last spring's Waa-Mu show. In the skit, a character identified as Venturi told a group of thumbsucking, Dr. Denton-wearing Northwestern football players the tale of a valiant Wildcat quarterback menaced by big bad defensive linemen and cruel linebackers. Making his way downfield, the hero kept suffering misadventures, but new holes always magically opened for him. Finally, his perseverance and essential Northwestern goodness were rewarded.

"And what should appear," the coach cried triumphantly, "but the goal line!"

Blankly, his listeners chorused, "The *what*?"

In view of Venturi's typically Northwestern start this season, one should be wary of overripe expectations. There are, frankly, only two reasons to hope that he will eventually succeed. One is the Parseghian precedent, which shows that it can, indeed, be done. The other is that even Waa-Mu's admittedly homogenized brand of satire can sometimes get results. Consider what a thirsty Tony Roberts accomplished when he ran into the lobby for that drink of water nearly two decades ago. Workmen were called in soon afterward, and there have been four stinking drinking fountains in Cahn Auditorium ever since. END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
Oct. 16-22

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Tommy LaGarde Marvin Webster's replacement at center turned out to be a surprise—at least for one game—in Seattle He grabbed 13 rebounds and scored a career-high 32 points against San Antonio to lead the Sonics to their fifth win without a loss. Seattle had to overcome a 37-point performance by George Gervin who had scored 46 in a win earlier against San Diego Washington, which also remained unbeaten, handed Philadelphia its first loss and took over first place in the Atlantic Division New Jersey occupied the top spot with a 2–0 record at the end of the opening week, but after that the Nets dropped four straight, including a 139–87 drubbing in Houston Things were even worse in Detroit Not only were the Pistons winless in five starts but first-year Coach Dick Vitale also was in the hospital all week recuperating from a stomach disorder Detroit's one bright spot has been Bob Lanier who has averaged 28 6 points a game Milwaukee and San Diego also have relied heavily on individuals Marques Johnson scored 97 points in three games for the Bucks (2–1), who lost Forward David Meyers for a month with a back injury and Clipper Guard Lloyd Free averaged nearly 30 points in four games, the last of which was a 125–119 loss to Indiana that gave Pacer Coach Bob Leonard his 500th regular-season victory He is the fourth professional coach to record 500 wins

BOXING—OANNY (Little Red) LOPEZ of Los Angeles retained his WBC featherweight title in Pesaro, Italy when Fel Clemente of the Philippines was disqualified in the fourth round for butting

CHESS—World champion ANATOLY KARPOV defeated Viktor Korchnoi six games to five to retain his title in Baguio City, Philippines In the 32nd and final game, he forced the challenger to resign on the 41st move (*page 72*)

PRO FOOTBALL—There were upsets all over the National Football League and the quarterbacks, in most cases, proved to be the main reasons Archie Manning's 19 yard touchdown pass to Tony Galbreath with 2 22 remaining carried New Orleans to a 10–3 win over previously unbeaten Los Angeles Fran Tarkenton led Minnesota over Green Bay 21–17 by completing 26 of 43 for 262 yards and three touchdowns In the process, he became the first quarterback to pass for 45,000 yards Detroit's Gary Danielson also had a good day in the Lions' 31–14 rout of San Diego He was 22 of 32 for 210 yards and three touchdowns, two of which went to rookie Wide Receiver Jesse Thompson Another rookie Tampa Quarterback Doug Williams threw for two touchdowns and ran *for another as the Buccaneers beat* Chicago 33–19 Tampa held Walter Payton who had rushed for 157 yards in Chicago's 16–7 Monday-night loss to Denver, to 34 yards on 15 carries Joe Pisarcik completed only three passes in the Giants' 17–6 win over Washington, but one was a 43-yard touchdown strike *and another a 46-yard flea-flicker that set up his* own three yard scoring run The loss dropped the Redskins into an NFC East tie with Dallas which defeated Philadelphia 14–7 The Cowboys' Tony Dorsett *watched most of the game from* the bench Head Coach Tom Landry had demoted him to second string for oversleeping and missing a practice session In Baltimore, Bill Troupe, substituting for the injured Bert Jones, threw 19 yards to Glenn Doughty for the Colts' only score, and the defense blocked a last-second Denver field-goal attempt to give the Colts a 7–6 victory over the Broncos For Seattle, it was the performance of the other team's quarterback that was crucial Oakland's Ken Stabler, who now has thrown 19 interceptions, threw four in the Raiders' 27–7 loss to the Mariners In the battle for first place in the AFC East, New England beat Miami 33–24 as Horace Ivory ran for 113 yards and two touchdowns (*page 30*) The Jets moved into a second-place tie with the Dolphins by beating winless St Louis 23–10 Pat Leahy had three field goals and continued to lead the league in scoring, with 66 points. Atlanta rallied from a 17–7 deficit with a field goal by Tim Mazzetti with one second left to beat San Francisco 20–17 In other games, Buffalo defeated Cincinnati 5–0, the Bengals' eighth straight loss, and Kansas City snapped a six-game losing streak with a 17–3 win over the Cleveland Browns

GOLF—BOBBY WADKINS birdied the first playoff hole to win the $210 000 European Open in Walton Heath, England over Bernard Gallacher of Britain and Gil Morgan The three golfers finished at 283, nine under par (*page 40*)

ISAO AOKI of Japan defeated New Zealand's Simoo Owen 3 and 2 in the 36-hole final to win the $305 000 World Match-Play Championship at Wentworth, Surrey England

DONNA CAPONI YOUNG shot a final round three-under-par 69, for a 207 total to win the $50 000 LPGA tournament in Houston by three strokes over Alexandra Reinhardt

Led by BOB CLAMPETT of Carmel, Calif., who took individual honors the U S won the Eisenhower Trophy, the men's world amateur team championship, in Pacific Harbour Fiji Canada finished second

HOCKEY—NHL No, the Montreal Canadiens aren't invincible After beating Philadelphia 3–2 the Canadiens dropped two in a row—to the New York Islanders 3–1 and to Atlanta 7–5 Boston enjoyed a 3–0 week behind the scoring of John Wensink, who has had five goals in as many games Following a loss to the Bruins, Toronto split a pair with Buffalo and beat Philadelphia Both wins were shutouts for Maple Leaf Goaltender Mike Palmateer Chicago Wing John Marks scored three goals in three games as the Black Hawks extended their unbeaten string to four and moved to the top of the Smythe Division Chicago replaced Vancouver, which after winning its first two games and tying the Black Hawks, dropped three straight The Colorado Rockies and Pittsburgh Penguins both snapped five-game winless streaks

WHA Things were looking a bit brighter for two of last season's doormats Cincinnati, a seventh-place finisher last year completed a swing through Canada with a tie and a win, and then returned home to beat Birmingham and Edmonton Indianapolis, which finished last beat Quebec 4–0 It was the first time in their history that the Nordiques had been shut out at home in regular-season play Quebec did not fare any better against New England which remained undefeated and in first place Led by Mike Antonovich's two goals and Dave Keon's four assists, the Whalers won their home opener 7–1 Birmingham put on the offensive show of the week as Bulls' Winger Louis Sleighter and Defenseman Gaston Gingras both scored hat tricks in a 9–3 win over Indianapolis

HORSE RACING—WAYA ($5 20) defeated Tiller by a nose in the $200 000 Turf Classic at Belmont With Angel Cordero Jr in the saddle the 4-year-old filly covered the 1½ miles in a stakes-record 2 26⅘

MAC DIARMIDA ($4 50), ridden by Jean Cruguet won the $185 000 Canadian International Championship at Toronto by 1½ lengths over Dom Alaric The 3-year-old ran the 1⅜ miles in 2 41⅘

SPECTACULAR BID ($2 60), Jorge Velasquez up won the $125,000 Young America at the Meadowlands by a neck over Strike Your Colors The 2-year-old's time for the mile and one-sixteenth was 1 43⅘

MARATHON—BILL RODGERS won his third consecutive New York City Marathon, finishing in 2 12 12, two minutes ahead of Ian R Thompson Trevor Wright was third GRETE WAITZ was the first woman finisher *Her time of 2 32 30 was 2 18 better than the world* record for women set by Christa Vahlensieck of West Germany last year Martha Cooksey was the second woman across, Sue Petersen the third (*page 24*)

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH averaged 117 298 mph in an *Oldsmobile to win the $150 000* American 500 Grand National in Rockingham, N C by more than two laps over Bobby Allison's Ford

TENNIS—Defending champion JIMMY CONNORS beat Geoff Masters 6–0, 6–0, 6–4 to win the $205,000 Australian Indoor Championship in Sydney

MILEPOSTS—HIRED DON KESSINGER 36, as player manager of the Chicago White Sox He replaces Larry Ooby who, after succeeding Bob Lemon as manager last June 30, had a 37–50 record An infielder for the Cubs (1965 75), the Cardinals (1976-77) and the White Sox (1977 78), Kessinger won the Gold Glove Award in 1969 and 1970 and has a .253 career batting average

OLEO GUNNAR NILSSON 29, former Swedish Formula 1 driver for Lotus and No 2 driver to Mario Andretti in 1976 and 1977 of cancer; in London

CREDITS

24, 25—John Iacono **26**—Peter B Kaplan **27, 28**—Jerry Cooke **29**—Georga Tiedemann **34**—Jerry Cabluck **40, 41**—Tony Duffy **42, 43**—Peter Robinson **56**—Barton Silverman **76**—Heinz Kluetmeier **83**—Tony Tomsic **92, 93**—Lana Stewart (center) Northwestern University Archives (upper left, lower right) 94–96—Lane Stewart **107**—Tom Hopkins Bill Knight Frank Leonardo-New York Post Barbara Whitaker Terry Greenberg

FACES IN THE CROWD



ROB FREEMAN
CAYUMA, WASH

A junior at Woodrow Wilson High, Rob, now 16, won the World Junior Frisbee title in Atlanta over Jim Murphy of Detroit Tests included *throwing* for distance and accuracy, and catching behind the back and between the legs



LARRY GRIFFIN
NEW ORLEANS

A golf assistant at the City Park Club in New Orleans, Griffin, 27, fired rounds of 66, 71 and 72 for a one-under-par 209 to take the PGA National Assistants Championships at Brockton, Mass by one stroke over Frank Shikle of Birmingham



PHILIP B. ROSS
NEW LONDON, CONN

Ross, a 21-year-old New York University law student, swam around Manhattan Island in seven hours 44 minutes, breaking the record Diana Nyad set in 1975 by 13 minutes The wind was 15 mph and the water temperature 61°



ANNETTE CRAIGHEAD
OVERLAND PARK, KANS

In seven cross-country meets she has run this season for Shawnee Mission North High, Annette, a senior, has won six, by an average margin of *20* seconds. She set meet records in all six winning races and broke the course record in four



VINCENT CLARK
DARBY TOWNSHIP, PA

The 5'9", 165-pound Darby Township High senior set a Pennsylvania scholastic single-game rushing record when he gained 439 yards on 32 carries in a 40–6 win over Yeadon His five TDs included runs of 48, eight, 45 and five yards



LARRY THACKWELL
YUCAIPA, CALIF

A retired civil engineer, Thackwell, 90, overcame dense fog, 44-mph winds *and treacherous terrain* to conquer, in one week, the three highest peaks in Great Britain—Scafell Pike (3,210 feet), Mount Snowden (3,560 feet) and Ben Nevis (4,406 feet)

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

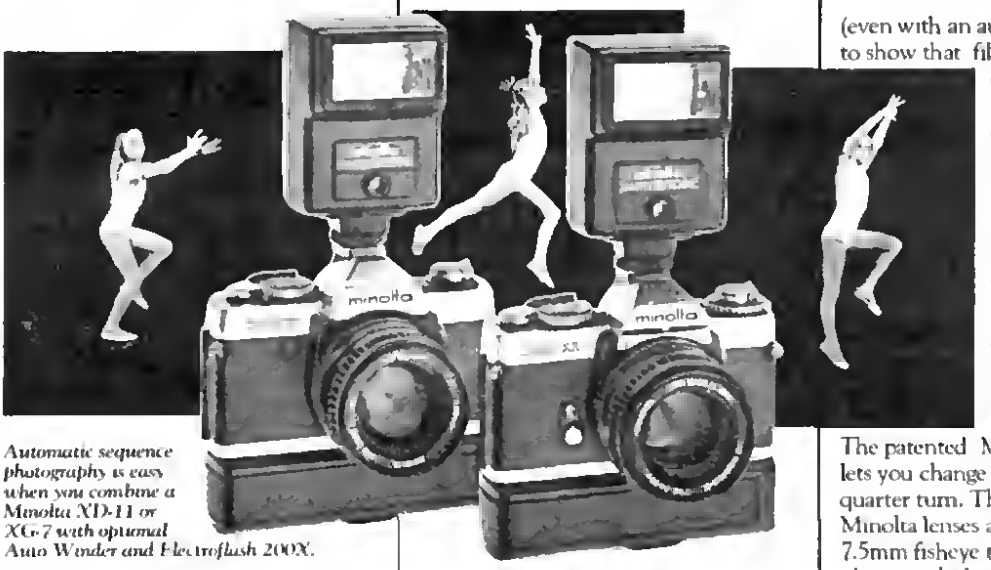
In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.





Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.



Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

MINOLTA

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NBA RATINGS

Sir:

In his column on the decline in pro basketball TV ratings (TV/RADIO, Oct. 16), William Leggett overlooks an important reason why televised games fail to attract a substantial audience. One need only consider CBS' coverage of the NBA. The network has a penchant for switching back and forth between various regional games instead of staying with the action of its featured game. This smorgasbord approach is both distracting and self-defeating. In no other sport does momentum play such a key role, and in order to truly enjoy a basketball game you have to watch it develop, without constant interruptions for action on a different court.

Before CBS officials pull the plug on the NBA they ought to try broadcasting the games in toto. Until then Leggett's contention that there is too much basketball on television is a slight overstatement. The fact is, with the present CBS format, there isn't enough *real* basketball on the tube.

DON KUBIT
Royal Oak, Mich.

Sir:

It is my belief that the ratings for pro basketball were down last year for a reason not mentioned in your article. Regional broadcasts deprived us of seeing many great players and good teams. Although an Easterner and a devoted fan, I must admit that I got a bit sick of a steady diet of Philadelphia and the Knicks. Rookie of the Year Walter Davis of Phoenix could only be seen briefly in the All-Star Game.

VAUGHN C. BLANDING
Fayetteville, N.Y.

Sir:

As one who has enjoyed playing, coaching and officiating amateur basketball for the past 30 years, I would have to say that pro basketball is often boring. Many people get turned off by watching some hot dog take the throw-in, dribble the length of the floor and stuff the ball. It's a lot more exciting going to a high school game and watching five boys playing their hearts out, diving after loose balls, screening out for rebounds, feeding the open man for a good shot, playing hard-nosed defense and, most important, not pouting when they don't get the ball.

When pro coaches get back to coaching, and pro players get back to playing, not just shooting, you'll probably see the fans come back. In the meantime, there are other things to do—like shoveling snow.

RICHARD A. MASTERS
Munising, Mich.

Sir:

I have a few suggestions.

1) Reduce the number of fouls permitted each player from six to five (or even four).

2) Reduce the team-foul limit in each quarter from four to three.

3) When a team is over the foul limit, make all free throws count two points instead of one.

These changes just might speed up the action and prevent a lot of games from turning into monotonous parades to the foul line. They might also allow players like Julius Erving and David Thompson to really show us what they can do without getting mugged every time they touch the ball.

TOM PFEIFER
Bridgeport, Conn.

RAYMOND LEWIS

Sir:

The story of Raymond Lewis (*A Legend Searching for His Past*, Oct. 16) is indeed a sad one, though one from which many lessons can be learned. The achievers of the world are those individuals who not only have a talent but also put that talent to use. There are countless people who have talent. Those who rise to the top use their skills and knowledge and persevere.

Sports in America have benefited countless thousands of people, some economically, others socially and emotionally. Raymond Lewis got caught in the wheels of the sports machinery and was severely harmed. Yet no one can place the blame entirely on "the machinery"—not even Lewis. The old saying "there is no such thing as a free lunch" comes to mind. It seems that you only get back what you give. The first contract Lewis signed was admittedly a bad one, but a year of sticking it out and showcasing his skills would have helped his cause immensely.

EDWARD J. AMATO
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

Although Barry McDermott's article on Raymond Lewis was extremely interesting, I wish it hadn't appeared in your magazine. Anybody who leaves a gymnasium at halftime of a game, who leaves practice and flies home, and then says he would be a star if he were white doesn't deserve to play professional basketball.

PAUL STURGESS
Branford, Conn.

BIG E

Sir:

I enjoyed the article on Elvin Hayes and his search for an MVP award (*The Big E Wants an MVP*, Oct. 16). I thought it was amusing that he recalls as his greatest thrill his University of Houston team's 71–69 victory over UCLA and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who, although he had an eye injury, was bothered more by Hayes.

Do you suppose Hayes recalls the rematch later that year in the semifinals of the NCAA tournament? Just to remind the Big E, the final score was UCLA 101, Houston 69. Hayes scored a total of 10 points and got five rebounds. It would seem that Kareem wasn't aware that Hayes was in the game!

LOWELL BYRD
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Special thanks to John Papanek for his down-home portrait of Elvin Hayes. The Big E will be remembered for the remarkable man he is.

CYNTHIA ROBB RITER
Tonka Bay, Minn.

'26 MYTHS

Sir:

Please don't carry the debunking of the 1926 World Series too far (YESTERDAY, Oct. 9). Too many good stories are *ruined* by oververification. I don't mind losing the myth that Grover Cleveland Alexander had a hangover on that day, but the myth I would hate to lose has him coming back to the dugout after surviving Tony Lazzeri's almost home run and saying, "There you are, boys. There's only three feet between a hero and a bum."

W. C. RANDELS
Palo Alto, Calif.

HIGH LOW

Sir:

I believe you are in error in asserting that Detroit's 86–75 mark this year is the best fifth-place record in baseball history (BASEBALL'S WEEK, Oct. 9). If memory serves, the 1964 National League race, won by the Cardinals with a 93–69 record, probably provided not only the best fifth-place record (88–74 by the Braves) but also possibly the best fourth-place record (90–72 by the Giants).

In any event, it was probably the closest five-team finish in history, after being a Phillies runaway most of the year. The Phils lost 10 straight, then won a two-game season finale from the Reds to allow St. Louis to win by one game over Cincinnati and Philadelphia. San Francisco was fourth, and Milwaukee finished fifth, only five games out of first.

G. DOUGLAS GRIMES
Waukegan, Ill.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

NEW DESIGN FOR '79 FORD PINTO

A LITTLE AMERICAN WORKHORSE



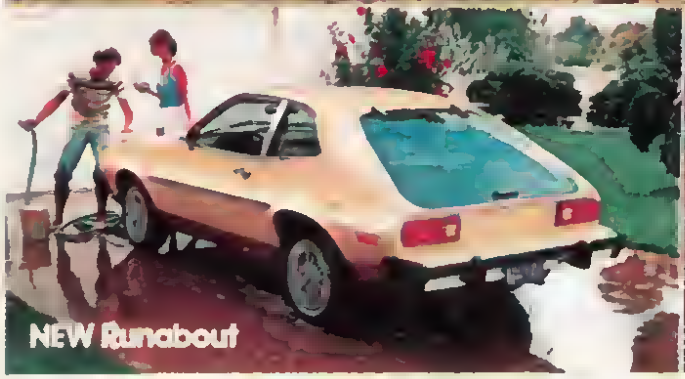




SEE ALL THE NEW '79 PINTOS>

'79 PINTO: NEW UP FRONT.



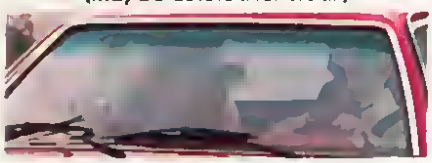




COMPARABLY EQUIPPED, PINTO'S STICKER



STANDARD: AM Pushbutton Radio
(May be deleted for credit)



STANDARD:
Tinted Glass All Around



STANDARD:
Electric Rear Window Defroster



STANDARD:
Front Bucket Seats and Mini-Console



STANDARD:
Front Disc Brakes



STANDARD:
Radials (Eff. Nov. 1)



STANDARD:
4-Speed Fully
Synchronized
Manual Trans.



STANDARD: Bright
Window Frames



STANDARD:
Protective Bodyside Molding



STANDARD:
Deluxe Bumper Group

NEW IN BACK. NEW INSIDE.


NEW Wagon


NEW Sedan


NEW Cruising Wagon

NEW Cruising Sedan

PRICE IS LOWER THAN LAST YEAR.


STANDARD: 2.3 Litre Overhead Cam Engine


STANDARD: Color Keyed Carpeting


STANDARD: DuraSpark Ignition


STANDARD: Rack and Pinion Steering

Pinto Price $3,629.
A comparison of sticker prices shows the '79 Pinto is sticker-priced less than comparably equipped year-end '78 models (Pony excluded) The yellow Pinto Sedan shown above, for instance, is sticker-priced at only $3,629 (title, taxes, destination charges extra)

Pinto Features.
The '79 Pinto not only comes with a new design—both inside and out—but with a long list of features standard It's packed with value And Pinto still offers a tremendous selection of options including automatic transmission, air conditioning power steering, and more

Pinto Choice.
For '79, there's a wide selection of new design Pintos including an exciting Cruising Wagon, a new Cruising Sedan and a brand-new Pinto ESS, one of the most sporty Pintos ever built There's even a low-priced Pinto Pony (not shown) for more economy minded buyers

Pinto Economy.
In addition to Pinto's excellent EPA mileage ratings, recommended scheduled maintenance operations have been substantially reduced over the past six years

32 MPG HWY **22** MPG CITY

EPA estimates with 2.3 litre engine and 4-speed manual transmission (wagon ratings are lower) Your actual mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment

Another Important Feature.
All '79 model Pintos, like the '77s and '78s before it, have redesigned fuel system features including a longer filler pipe, plus a polyethylene shield for improved puncture resistance

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION Ford

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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REID J. DAITZMAN

HOME: Stamford, Connecticut

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Clinical psychologist

HOBBIES: Photography, poetry, jogging.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Received a Major Award from the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues for his investigation of the relationships between hormones and personality.

QUOTE: "The names given the different sciences are merely arbitrary divisions. The integration of all sciences should facilitate the potential that one day man will 'know thyself'."

PROFILE: Energetic and extraordinarily capable. His enviable combination of enthusiasm and intellectual ability makes him the classic "accomplisher."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

